GOLD'S GLOOM

TALES *from* THE PANCHATANTRA

TRANSLATED *from the* SANSKRIT

By ARTHUR W. RYDER

$2.00 net

Gold's Gloom is the quintessence of the wisdom and charm of *The Panchatantra*. It is a representative selection of some of the most captivating stories in the world.

Stuart Sherman in *Books*, "Here is one of the world's oldest and most famous story books . . . . a racy translation . . . . refreshing in its realism, its humanity, its pervasive humor. . . . ."

Lee Wilson Dodd in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, ". . . . a fine and ancient and humorous and humane and incredibly wise and lovely book."

Achmed Abdullah in the *Literary Review*, "Fairy-tales. But fairly-tales suffused with a wisdom that is ironic, slightly bitter, wire-drawn—perfectly civilized . . . . fantastic, all these tales. Therefore reasonable."

Boston Evening Transcript, "He offers here a collection of witty and delightful stories finely touched with ribald humor in some instances, and well-seasoned by his own perfect comprehension of the minds of the men who originally wrote them."

The Saturday Review of Literature "Without the verses the Sanskrit text would be good fable, as is 'Aesop' or Babrius; with them it becomes rare and precious literature."

GOLD'S GLOOM · TALES FROM THE PANCHATANTRA

GOLD'S GLOOM

TALES FROM THE PANCHATANTRA

TRANSLATED BY

ARTHUR W. RYDER

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT 1925 BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Contents

PAGE

GOLD'S GLOOM 7
(*Including* SOFT, THE WEAVER, *and* THE MICE THAT SET ELEPHANTS FREE)

HOW THE CROW-HEN KILLED THE BLACK SNAKE . . . 46
(*Including* THE HERON THAT LIKED CRAB-MEAT)

NUMSKULL AND THE RABBIT 54

THE BARBER AND THE JAIN MONKS 62

HOW THE RABBIT FOOLED THE ELEPHANT 68

THE POTTER MILITANT 75
(*Including* THE JACKAL WHO KILLED NO ELEPHANTS)

THE PERT HEN-SPARROW 80

HOW SUPERSMART ATE THE ELEPHANT 82

LEAP AND CREEP 86

THE BLUE JACKAL 90

THE PLOVER WHO FOUGHT THE OCEAN 93
(*Including* SHELL-NECK, SLIM, AND GRIM; FORETHOUGHT, READYWIT, AND FATALIST; THE DUEL BETWEEN ELEPHANT AND SPARROW; THE SHREWD OLD GANDER; THE LION AND THE RAM)

THE GIRL WHO MARRIED A SNAKE 111
(*Including* POOR BLOSSOM)

THE UNTEACHABLE MONKEY 116

THE MICE THAT ATE IRON 117

PAGE

THE BHARUNDA BIRDS 120

THE BRAHMAN'S GOAT 121

THE SNAKE WHO PAID CASH 124
Including THE UNSOCIAL SWANS

THE BRAHMAN, THE THIEF, AND THE GHOST 127

THE SNAKE IN THE PRINCE'S BELLY 130

MOUSE-MAID MADE MOUSE 132

THE CAVE THAT TALKED 136

THE FROGS THAT RODE SNAKE-BACK 138
Including THE BUTTER BLINDED BRAHMAN

HANDSOME AND THEODORE 143

THE LION-MAKERS 150

Translator's Introduction

One Vishnusharman, shrewdly gleaning
All worldly wisdom's inner meaning,
In these five books the charm compresses
Of all such books the world possesses.
—INTRODUCTION TO THE *Panchatantra*

I

The tales presented in this volume are selected[1] from the famous fable-book of ancient India, the *Panchatantra*, or the "Five Books." The individual stories are of great, and unknown, antiquity. They were, probably about 200 B.C., gathered into a collection of five books. Thereafter, this collection underwent numerous changes, additions, and retellings in its native India, while at the same time wandering in translations, and translations of translations, through Persia, Arabia, Syria, and the civilized countries of Europe. In this retelling and this wandering, the tales of the *Panchatantra* have become the most widely known stories in the world, and have brought delight to hundreds of millions.

[1] The entire work is translated, with fuller introduction, in *The Panchatantra. Translated from the Sanskrit*, by Arthur W. Ryder, University of Chicago Press, 1925.

II

In the original *Panchatantra*, each of the five books is independent, consisting of a framing story with numerous inserted stories, told, as fit circumstances arise, by one or another of the characters in the main narrative. Thus, the first book relates the broken friendship of the lion Rusty and the bull Lively, with some thirty inserted stories, told for the most part by the two jackals, Victor and Cheek. The second book has as its framing story the tale of the friendship of the crow, the mouse, the turtle, and the deer, whose names are Swift, Gold, Slow, and Spot. The third book has as framing story the war between crows and owls. The fourth book tells the story of the monkey and the crocodile; the fifth book, that of the barber who killed holy men.

The device of the framing story is familiar in oriental works, the instance best known to Europeans being that of the *Arabian Nights*. Equally characteristic is the use of epigrammatic verses quoted by the actors from sacred writings or other sources of dignity and authority. It is as if the animals in some English beast-fable were to justify their actions by quotations from Shakespeare and the Bible. These wise verses it is which make the real character of the *Panchatantra*. The stories, indeed, are charming when regarded as pure narrative; but it is the beauty, wisdom, and wit of the verses which lift the *Pancha-*

tantra far above the level of the best story-books. It hardly needs to be added that in the present version, verse is always rendered by verse, prose by prose. The titles of the individual stories have been supplied by the translator, since the original has none.

III

The Introduction to the *Panchatantra* narrates how and why the collection was made. The ancient tales were arranged in this form by one Vishnusharman, a wise and learned man, desirous of reforming certain princes who showed themselves hostile to less attractive educational methods. Each of the stories has in consequence a moral, showing some course of action which a wise man should either adopt or reject in his own life. And the entire collection presents, though informally, an admirable attempt to answer the insistent question how to win the utmost possible joy from life in the world of men. The elements of this answer may here be given, though in briefest compass.[1]

The first necessity is security. For, as the wise crow puts it:

> In houses where no snakes are found,
> One sleeps; or where the snakes are bound:
> But perfect rest is hard to win
> With serpents bobbing out and in.

[1] For a fuller discussion, see the Translator's Introduction in the complete translation of the *Panchatantra*.

The second essential is a reasonable supply of money, since

> Money gets you anything,
> Gets it in a flash;
> Therefore let the prudent get
> Cash, cash, cash.

Then, security and freedom from degrading worry being granted, joy results from three occupations—from resolute, yet circumspect, use of the active powers; from intercourse with like-minded friends; and above all, from worthy exercise of the intelligence.

Necessary, to begin with, for the experience of true joy in the world of men, is resolute action. The difficulties are not blinked:

> There is no toy
> Called easy joy;
> But man must strain
> To body's pain.

Equal stress is laid upon the winning and holding of intelligent friends. Throughout the *Panchatantra* we are never permitted to be long oblivious of the rarity, the necessity, and the pricelessness of friendship with the excellent. For indeed,

> The days when meetings do not fail
> With wise and good
> Are lovely clearings on the trail
> Through life's wild wood.

Last of all, and in a sense including all else, is the

use of the intelligence. Without it, no human joy is possible, nothing beyond animal happiness.

> For if there be no mind
> Debating good and ill,
> And if religion send
> No challenge to the will
> If only greed be there
> For some material feast,
> How draw a line between
> The man-beast and the beast?

One must command a wealth of detailed fact, ever alert to the deceptiveness of seeming fact, since oftentimes

> The firefly seems a fire, the sky looks flat;
> Yet sky and fly are neither this nor that.

One must understand that there is no substitute for judgment, and no end to the reward of discriminating judgment;

> To know one's self is hard, to know
> Wise effort, effort vain;
> But accurate self-critics are
> Secure in times of strain.

This is the purpose of the *Panchatantra:* to teach, through the charming medium of the beast-fable, the harmonious development of the powers of man, a life in which security, prosperity, resolute action, friendship, and good learning are so combined as to produce joy.

ARTHUR W. RYDER

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA
July, 1925

Gold's Gloom

(*Gold is a mouse. His virtues are great, and his character winsome; yet he is oppressed with a melancholy that puzzles his friends. These friends—Swift, a crow, and Slow, a turtle—beg him to relate the events which have plunged him into gloom. Thereupon Gold tells the following tale.*)

In the southern country is a city called Maidens' Delight, and in the neighborhood a shrine to Shiva. In a cell near by lived a hermit named Crop-Ear. During his begging hour he would fill his alms-bowl with dainties from the city, eatables jellified, melting in the mouth, toothsome, flavored with sugar, treacle, and pomegranate. Then, returning to his cell, he satisfied himself according to the ordinance, hid what food was left in the alms-bowl, and hung it on a peg, keeping it for the servants' breakfast. On this food I subsisted with my companions. And so the time passed.

Since I nibbled his food, however carefully he hid it, the hermit was disgusted, and in fear of me he moved it from place to place, always hanging it higher. Even so I got at it easily enough and ate it.

Now one day a guest arrived, a holy man named

Wide-Bottom. And Crop-Ear welcomed him, paid him due respect, and relieved his fatigue. At night they lay on the same couch and started to relate pious tales. But Crop-Ear's thoughts were so preoccupied with mice that he kept striking the alms-bowl with a frazzled bamboo and gave an absent-minded answer to Wide-Bottom as he told a pious tale.

Then the guest grew extremely angry and said: "Come, Crop-Ear! I perceive that your friendship is dead. For you do not talk with me whole-heartedly. So, night though it be, I shall leave your cell and go elsewhere. For there is a saying:

'Come! Enter! News from town?
A chair! You look run down!
Welcome! Why have you slighted
Our home so long? Dee-lighted!'
Such kindly words as these
May set the mind at ease,
And friends be glad to go
Where they are greeted so.

And again:

Wherever hosts look vaguely round
Or fix their glances on the ground,
The guests who visit such a place
Are hornless, yet of bovine race.

You should not visit any home
From which no gentle greetings come,
Which fails in eager promptitude,
With gossip touching bad and good.

"But this you do not understand, having forgotten friendship through pride in the ownership of one mere

cell. So that you seem to dwell here, but in reality you have earned a place in hell. For the proverb says:

A certain course for hell to steer,
Become a chaplain for a year;
Or try more expeditious ways—
Become an abbot for three days.

Poor fool! You take pride in what should cause contrition."

When he heard this, Crop-Ear was terrified and said: "Do not speak thus, holy sir. There is no friend nearer my heart than you. Pray hear the reason of my inattention. There is a villainous mouse that jumps and climbs to my alms-bowl, however high I hang it, and he eats my leavings. Thus the servants get no recompense, and refuse to tidy up. So to frighten the mouse, I strike the alms-bowl repeatedly with my bamboo. This is the whole story. But I should add that the villain has such cleverness in jumping as to put cats, monkeys, and other creatures to the blush."

Then Wide-Bottom said: "But have you found the mouse-hole anywhere?" "Holy sir," said Crop-Ear, "I have not." "Surely," said the other, "his hole is over his hoard. Beyond question, the fragrance from his hoard makes him spry. For

The smell of wealth is quite enough
To wake a creature's sterner stuff;
And wealth's enjoyment, even more,
With virtuous giving from his store.

"So," said Wide-Bottom, "he surely derives this vigor in jumping from the smell of his hoard." And he continued: "Do you know his manner of attack?" "Yes, holy sir, I do," answered Crop-Ear. "He comes not alone, but with a school of mice."

"Well now," said Wide-bottom, "is there any digging tool about?" "Indeed there is," said Crop-Ear. "Here is a handy pickaxe, solid iron." "In that case," said the guest, "you and I must wake early, so as to follow their tracks together, while the footprints still dirty the floor."

Now when I heard the villain's speech fall like a thunderbolt, I thought: "Ah, this spells ruin for me. For his words imply something more. Just as he has marked my hoard, so he will surely discover my fortress, also. Of this his implied meaning convinces me. For the proverb says:

> Shrewd characters at sight
> Can estimate aright
> Their man, as some are deft
> To gauge an ounce by heft.

And again:

> The budding fancy first betrays
> The character that strives
> For birth as recompense of good
> Or ill in former lives:
> No marking tail has grown, yet when
> You see the beggar pick
> His mincing steps about the pond,
> You cry: 'A peacock chick!'"

So I was terrified, deserted the beaten track to my fortress, and with my followers started on another track.

Then a prodigious cat met us, and seeing the whole pack before him, pounced into our midst. And the mice who survived the slaughter scolded me for picking a bad trail, and sought shelter in the old fortress, drenching the floor with blood.

Then I departed, alone. The others—poor dolts! plunged into the old fortress. Thereupon the holy man, perceiving that the floor was smeared with drops of blood, followed the trail to the fortress, and began to ply the pickaxe. As he dug, he came upon the hoard over which I had lived so long, and the smell of which used to guide me back to the fortress.

Then Wide-Bottom was filled with glee and said: "Now, Crop-Ear, sleep in peace. It was the smell of this that enabled the mouse to wake you." So they took the hoard and turned to the cell.

Now when I returned to the spot, I could not bear to look at the sad, disturbing sight. And I reflected: "Ah, what shall I do? Where shall I go? How may I win peace of mind?" In such reflections the day dragged drearily away.

Still, when the sun had laid his thousand beams to rest, I went with my companions to the same cell, though I was troubled and lacking in vigor. And when Crop-Ear heard the patter of our pack, time

and again he started to strike the alms-bowl with his frazzled bamboo.

Then his guest said: "My friend, why not go peacefully to sleep at last?" "Holy sir," he replied, "I am sure that villainous mouse has come with his followers. I do this from fear of him."

But Wide-Bottom laughed and said: "Have no fear, my friend. His jumping energy is gone with his property. This rule applies to all creatures without exception. As the saying goes:

> The man has constant vigor? Dares
> On others' backs to mount?
> Speaks in a self-sufficient tone?
> He has a bank account."

This angered me so that I made a desperate jump for the alms-bowl, but missed and fell to the floor. And my enemy saw me and said to Crop-Ear: "Look, my friend! It is quite wonderful. You could put it into poetry:

> The wealthy men are men of force;
> And they are scholars all, of course:
> The mouse who lost his wealthy store,
> Is now a mouse and nothing more.

And there is point in this:

> A fangless snake; an elephant
> Without an ichor-store;
> A man who lacks a cash account—
> Are names and nothing more."

When I heard this, I reflected: "Alas! It is true, though it is my enemy who says it. For today I have not the power to jump a mere finger's breadth. A curse upon a fellow's life without money! As the saying goes:

After money has departed,
If the wit is frail,
Then, like rills in summer weather,
Undertakings fail.

Forest sesame, crow-barley,
Men who have no cash,
Owning names but lacking substance,
Are accounted trash.

Beggars have, no doubt, their virtues,
Yet they do not flash:
As the world has need of sunlight,
Virtues ask for cash.

Beggars-born less keenly suffer
Than the men who crash
From a life of comfort to a
Deficit of cash.

Like the flabby breasts of widows,
Hopes and wishes rash
Helpless fall upon the bosom,
When there is no cash.

The sun that stuns the eyes that shun,
In vain he strains to see:
The light so bright is wrapped in night
By veils of poverty."

With this broken-spirited lamentation I saw my own hoard of wealth converted into a pillow for my

enemy, and at dawn I crept into my fortress—a failure.

Then my attendants retired and gossiped together. "Look here!" said they, "the fellow has no power to fill our bellies. Those who ride his back get nothing but buffets—from cats, for example. Why pay him reverence? For the proverb says:

A king from whom no bounties come,
  But only buffets fall,
Had better be avoided, and
  By soldiers first of all."

Such remarks I heard on the trail. And since, when I returned to the fortress, not one of my followers accompanied me (for I was penniless) I began to ponder deeply.

"A curse, a curse on a life of poverty! There is sound sense in the verse:

Even relatives are sure
Scornfully to treat the poor;
Pride is docked, and virtue's moon
Loses luster, waning soon;
Friends that were, disgusted fly;
Sorrows breed and multiply;
Comes the imputation then
Of the sins of other men.

And again:

Empty is the childless home;
  Hearts that lack a friendship sure;
Wide horizons, to the fool;
  All is empty to the poor.

And once again:

His passions are entire; his name,
Keen wit, and speech are just the same;
The man's the same. No! See him change!
Cash fails. The life is out! Ah, strange!

"Yet what have folk like me to do with money? Folk whose final fate is such as this? Positively my best course, now that property is gone, is to withdraw to the forest. As the proverb says:

Pride builds a proper house;
Never be humble:
Spurn cars of heaven, where
Pride takes a tumble.

Failure may dog the step;
Pride stands erect,
Stoops not to widest wealth
Tainted, abject."

And I continued my reflections: "Yes, the curse of beggary is dreadful as death. For

Gutted by the forest fire,
Stands in sterile soil a tree,
Gnarled, and riddled by the worms—
Better that than beggar be.

And as for beggary:

It is the shrine of wretchedness,
The dwelling-place of tears,
The thief of mind, the soil of doubts,
The treasury of fears,

Concreted meanness, home of woe,
And haughty honor's knell,
A form of death—to self-esteem
No different from hell.

And again:

A beggar is a man of shame,
Who bids farewell to honor's name;
From this, humiliations grow,
Then melancholy's gloomy woe;
But gloom with sadness dims the sense,
And sad men lack intelligence;
Now death is folly's certain fruit—
Thus, money's lack is evil's root.

"This being the case, what possible course shall I adopt to keep alive? How about robbery? That too is damnable, for it means appropriating what belongs to others. As the verse puts it:

Better let your tongue be tied
Than to know that you have lied;
Better to be impotent
Than adulterously bent;
Better die than take delight
In the petty pricks of spite;
Better beg as monk than feel
That you live by what you steal.

Well, then, shall I live on charity? That, too, is damnable, my friends, damnable. That too is a second gate of death. As the saying goes:

Parasite, or exiled scamp,
Invalid, or homeless tramp—
Life is death for these. The best
Would be death. For death is rest.

"Then I must at any cost recover the very treasure that Wide-bottom has stolen. For I saw my money-

bag converted into a pillow for those two villains. I must regain my property, and if I die in the attempt, it will be better than this. For

> If cowards who see themselves despoiled
> Too tamely feel the sting,
> Their fathers in the world beyond
> Will spurn their offering."

After reaching this conclusion, I went there at night and gnawed a hole in the bag after he had gone to sleep. Thereupon that dreadful holy man awoke and struck me on the head with the frazzled bamboo. Yet somehow I escaped death—predestination, you see. As the old rhyme puts it:

> What's duly his, a man receives;
> This law not even God can break;
> My heart is not surprised, nor grieves;
> For what is mine, no strangers take.

"After these reflections, I recovered from my money-madness. For there is much wisdom in this:

> Not rank, but character, is birth;
> It is not eyes, but wits, that see;
> True learning 'tis, to cease from wrong;
> Contentment is prosperity.

And again:

> Yes, all prosperities are his,
> Whose heart is filled with mirth:
> The feet in leather sandals shod,
> Travel a leather earth.

What man should never bear, I bore;
I spoke and, speaking, lied;
I waited at the stranger's door:
O Greed, be satisfied!

And again:

I've drunk foul water; slept forlorn
On gathered bits of broken thorn;
I've lost my love, I've begged for alms,
Enduring heart- and belly-qualms;
I've crossed the sea; I've walked afar;
I've treasured half a shattered jar:
Of further labors is there need?
Quick, damn you! Give your orders, Greed!

No poor man's evidence is heard,
Though logic link it word to word:
While wealthy babble passes muster
Though crammed with harshness, vice, and bluster.

The wealthy, though of meanest birth,
Are much respected on the earth:
The poor whose lineage is prized
Like clearest moonlight, are despised.

The wealthy are, however old,
Rejuvenated by their gold:
If money has departed, then
The youngest lads are aged men.

Since brother, son, and wife, and friend
Desert when cash is at an end,
Returning when the cash rolls in,
'Tis cash that is our next of kin.

"At the moment when, with such thoughts in my mind, I went to my quarters, our friend Swift came

to me and suggested a journey hither. So here I am. I have come with him to visit you. Thus I have related to you the cause of my gloom.

"Well, there is this to be said:

The world—gods, elephants, and men,
  Deer, devils, snakes—
Before the noonday hour is spent,
  Its dinner takes.

When hour and appetite arrive,
  There should suffice
For world-wide conqueror or slave
  A bowl of rice.

For this, what man of sense would do
  Base deeds perverse,
Whose consequences drag him down
  From bad to worse?"

When he had listened to this, Slow began to offer consolation. "My dear fellow," said he, "you must not lose heart at leaving your country. Intelligent as you are, why feel disturbed without occasion? Consider the saying:

The merely learnèd is a fool;
The wise man uses action's tool:
For no remembered drug can cure
The sick by name alone, 'tis sure.

To brave and wise what land is strange,
Or native? Whatsoever change
Befall, he makes the land his own
By strength of valiant arm alone:

The lion's whim is jungle law
By strength of tooth and tail and claw;
He slaughters elephants for food,
And slakes his servants' thirst with blood.

"Therefore, my dear fellow, we must always be energetic. Where will money feel at home, or pleasures? You know the saying:

As frogs will find a drinking-hole,
Or birds a brimming lake,
So friends and money seek a man
Whose vigor does not break.

From another point of view:

The goddess Fortune seeks as home
The brave and friendly man,
The grateful, righteous soul who does
Each moment what he can,
Who regulates a sturdy life
Upon an active plan.

While, on the other hand:

If man be fatalist and slacker,
Irresolute and *sang-froid* lacker,
Him Fortune—as a bouncing miss
Her aged lover—hates to kiss.

Abysmal learning does not aid
To virtue those who are afraid:
As men with lamps no sooner find
Lost objects, if those men are blind.

The prince becomes a beggar;
By weak are slayers slain;
The beggar ceases begging;
When fate revolves again.

"Nor must you, in view of the aphorism,

> Since teeth and nails and men and hair,
> If out of place, are ugly there

draw the coward's conclusion:

> Let no man leave his native place.

"For to the competent there is no distinction between native and foreign land. You must have heard the saying:

> Brave, learnèd, fair,
> Where'er they roam,
> Without delay
> Are quite at home.

"Today, no doubt, your purse is light. For all that, you are not in the position of the commonplace fellow, for you have sense and vigor. And the proverb says:

> Let sturdy resolution guide,
> And poor men touch the peak of pride;
> Let money fold in its embrace
> The mean, they sink to lowly place:
> The lion's majesty derives
> From nature, rich because he strives
> To crown his feats with nobler feats.
> What golden-collared dog competes?

For, after all:

> Why, wealthy, puff with pride?
> Why, poor, in gloom subside?
> Since, like a stricken ball,
> Men's fortunes rise and fall.

In any case, remember that youth and wealth are unstable as water-bubbles. As the saying goes:

> With shadows of the passing cloud,
> New grain, and knavish friends,
> With women's love, and youth, and wealth,
> Enjoyment quickly ends.

This being so, if an intelligent man catches slippery money, let him make it fruitful, by giving it away or enjoying it. As the proverb tells us:

> The coin that cost a hundred toils,
> That men are wont to cherish
> Beyond their life, will, if it be
> Not given to others, perish.

And again:

> Bestow, or use your wealth for pleasure;
> If not, you hoard another's treasure:
> As in your home, your lovely girl
> Awaits a stranger—*his* dear pearl.

And once again:

> The miser for another hoards
> His bags of needless money:
> The bees laboriously pack,
> But others taste the honey.

In any event, fate has the last word. As the proverb puts it:

> In weapon-bristling battle or at home,
> In flaming fire, wild cave, or monstrous sea,
> Among thanatophidian fangs elate,
> The to-be is, is not the not-to-be.

Now you are healthy and enjoy peace of mind. This is the supreme possession. As the saying goes:

The lord of seven continents,
  Beset by crawling greed,
Is but a beggar; he who lives
  Content, is rich indeed.

Besides, on this earth

No treasure equals charity;
  Content is perfect wealth;
No gem compares with character;
  No wish fulfilled, with health.

Nor must you think: 'How can I survive, having lost my possessions?' For money passes away, man's character abides. There is a proverb to fit the case:

The noble man, indeed, may fall
To earth—like an elastic ball;
The coward who drops is down to stay,
Is flattened like a ball of clay.

But why bore you? Here is the nub of duty. Certain men are born to enjoy the pleasures that money brings, certain others are born money's guardian. There is a verse about it:

  Your wealth will flee,
  If fate decree,
Though it was fairly earned:
  So silly Soft,
  When perched aloft
In that great forest, learned."

"How was that?" asked Gold. And Slow told the story of

SOFT, THE WEAVER

In a certain town lived a weaver. His name was Soft, and he spent his time making garments dyed in various patterns, fit for such people as princes. But for all his labors, he could not collect a bit of money beyond food and clothes. Yet he saw other weavers, who made coarse fabrics, rolling in wealth, and he said to his wife: "Look at these fellows, my dear. They make coarse stuff, but they earn heaps of money. This city does not offer me a decent living. I am going to move."

"Oh, my dear," said his wife, "it is a mistake to say that money comes to those who travel. There is a proverb:

> What shall not be will never be
> What shall be, follows painlessly:
> The thing your fingers grasp, will flit,
> If fate has predetermined it.

And again:

> A calf can find its mother cow
> Among a thousand kine:
> So good or evil done, returns
> And whispers: 'I am thine.'

And once again:

> As shade and sunlight interbreed,
> So twined are Doer and his Deed.

So stay here and mind your business."

"You are mistaken, my dear," said he. "No deed comes to fruition without effort. There is a proverb:

> You cannot clap a single hand;
> Nor, effortless, do what you planned.

And again:

> Although, at meal-time, fate provide
> A richly loaded plate,
> No food will reach the mouth, unless
> The hand co-operate.

And once again:

> Through work, not wishes, every plan
> Its full fruition reaps:
> No deer walk down the lion's throat
> So long as lion sleeps.

And one last quotation:

> Suppose he gave the best he had,
> Yet no fruition came,
> 'Twas fate that blocked his efforts, not
> The man who was to blame.

I must go to another country." So he went to Growing City, stayed three years, and started home with savings of three hundred gold-pieces.

In mid-journey, he found himself in a great forest when the blessèd sun went to rest. So, forethoughtful for his safety, he climbed upon a stout branch of a banyan tree and dozed. In the middle of the night, as he slept, he saw two human figures whose eyes were bloodshot with fury, and heard them abusing each other.

The first of them was saying: "Come now, Doer! You know you have, in every possible way, prevented this fellow Soft from getting any capital beyond food and clothes. So you have no right ever to let him have any. Why did you give him three hundred gold-pieces?"

"Now, Deed!" said the other, "I am constrained to give the enterprising a reward in proportion to their enterprise. The final consequence is your affair. Take it from him yourself." On hearing this, Soft awoke and looked for his bag of gold.

When he found it empty, he thought: "Oh, dear! It was so much trouble to earn the money, and it went in a flash. I have had my work for nothing. I haven't a thing. How can I look my wife in the face, or my friends?" So he made up his mind to return to Growing City. There he earned five hundred gold-pieces in just one single year, and started home again by a different road.

When the sun went down, he came upon the very same banyan tree, and he thought: "Oh, oh, oh! What is fate up to—damn the brute! Here is that same fiendish old banyan tree once more." But he dozed off on a branch, and saw the same two figures.

One of them was saying: "Doer, why did you give this fellow Soft five hundred gold-pieces? Don't you know that he doesn't get a thing beyond food and clothes?"

"Friend Deed," said the other, "I am constrained to give to the enterprising. The final consequence is your affair. So why blame me?"

When poor Soft heard this, he looked for his bag and found it empty. This plunged him into the depths of gloom, and he thought: "Oh, dear! What good is life to me if I lose my money? I will just hang myself from this banyan tree and say goodbye to life."

Having made up his mind, he wove a rope of spear-grass, adjusted it as a noose to his neck, climbed out a branch, fastened it, and was about to let himself drop, when one of the figures appeared in the sky and said: "Do not be so rash, Friend Soft. I am the person who takes your money, who does not allow you one cowrie beyond food and clothes. Now go home. But, that you may not have seen me without result, ask your heart's desire."

"In that case," said Soft, "give me plenty of money." "My good fellow," said the other, "what will you do with money which you cannot enjoy or give away? For you are to have no use of it beyond food and clothes."

But Soft replied: "Even if I get no use of it, still I want it. You know the proverb:

The man of capital,
  Though ugly and base-born,
Is honored by the world
  For charity forlorn.

"If things stand so," said the figure, "go once more to Growing City. There dwell two sons of merchants; their names are Penny-Hide and Penny-Fling. When you have observed their conduct, you may ask for yourself the nature of one or the other." With this he vanished, and Soft returned to Growing City, his mind in a maze.

At evening twilight, he wearily inquired for Penny-Hide's residence, learned with some trouble where it was, and called there. In spite of scoldings from the wife, the children, and others, he made his way into the courtyard and sat down. Then at dinner-time he received food but no kind word, and went to sleep there.

During the night he saw the same two human figures holding council. One of them was saying: "Come now, Doer! Why are you making extra expense for this fellow Penny-Hide, in providing Soft with a meal?"

And the second replied: "Friend Deed, it is no fault of mine. I am constrained to attend to acquisition and expenditure. But their final consequence is your affair." Now when the poor fellow awoke, he had to fast because Penny-Hide was in the second day of a cholera attack.

So Soft left that house and went to Penny-Fling's, who showed him much honor, greeting him cordially and providing food, garments, and the like. In his

house Soft rested in a comfortable bed, and in the night he saw the same two figures taking counsel together. One of them was saying: "Come now, Doer! This fellow Penny-Fling is at no little expense today, entertaining Soft. So how will he pay that debt? He has drawn everything from the bank." "Friend Deed," said the second, "I had to do it. The final consequence is your affair." Now at dawn a policeman came with money, a favor from the king, and gave it all to Penny-Fling.

When he saw this, Soft thought: "This Penny-Fling person, even without any capital, is a better kind of thing than that scaly old Penny-Hide. The proverb is right:

> The Scriptures' fruit is pious homes;
> Right conduct, that of learnèd tomes;
> Wives fructify in joy and son;
> And money's fruit is gifts and fun.

"So may the blessèd Lord of All make me a person whose money goes in gifts and fun. I see no good in Penny-Hiding."

So the Lord of All took him at his word, making him that kind of person.

"And that is why I say:

> Your wealth will flee,
> If fate decree, ...

and the rest of it. Therefore, my dear friend Gold, recognize the facts and feel no uneasiness in the department of finance. You know the proverb:

A lofty soul, in days of power,
Is tender as a lotus-flower;
But, meeting misadventure's shock,
Grows hard as Himalayan rock.

And again:

The goal desiderating powers at strain,
Is reached by listless sleepers with no pain:
Though panting life go struggling ceaselessly,
The to-be is, is not the not-to-be.

And once again:

Why think and think without relief?
Why weight the mind with aimless grief?
All finds fulfilment, soon or late,
If written on the brow by fate.

Or put it this way:

From distant island, central sea,
  Or far horizon's brink,
Fate brings and links its wilful whims,
  Before a man can wink.

Or this way:

Fate links the unlinked, unlinks links;
It links the things that no man thinks.

All life, unwilling, faces its
  Unbidden doom—
Some ill, no doubt, but blessings, too—
  Why sink in gloom?

And yet again:

> Courageous, cultivated minds
> Their fate would supervise;
> But linked causation masters them,
> And makes it otherwise.
>
> And He who made the parrots green,
> But made the king-swans white,
> And peacocks particolored, He
> Will order us aright.

There is great wisdom in the old story:

> Within a basket tucked away
> In slow starvation's grim decay,
> A broken-hearted serpent lay.
>
> But see the cheerful mouse that gnaws
> A hole, and tumbles in his jaws
> At night—new hope's unbidden cause!
>
> Now see the serpent, sleek with meat,
> Who hastens through the hole, to beat
> From quarters cramped, a glad retreat!
>
> So fuss and worry will not do;
> For fate is somehow muddling through
> To good or bad for me and you.

"Adopt this point of view, and give some attention to ultimate salvation. There is a verse about that, too:

> Let some small rite—vow, fasting, self-control—
> Be daily practiced with a quiet soul;
> For fate chips daily from our days to be,
> Though panting life go struggling ceaselessly.

"This being so, contentment is always wise:

Contentment's nectar-draught supplies
The quiet joy that satisfies;
How can the money-maddened know
That joy in bustlings to and fro?

"But why bore you with a sermon? In this place you are at home. Pray divest yourself of disturbing worries, and spend your time in friendship with me."

Now when Swift had listened to these observations of Slow, set off as they were with the inner truth of numerous authoritative works, his face blossomed, his heart was satisfied, and he said: "Slow, my dear fellow, you are good. Your virtue is something to rely on. For in the act of offering this comfort to Gold, you have brought perfect satisfaction to my heart. As the proverb puts it:

They taste the best of bliss, are good,
And find life's truest ends,
Who, glad and gladdening, rejoice
In love, with loving friends.

"Now by means of this first-class advice you have rescued our poor friend, sunk in the sea of wretchedness. After all, it is quite in the nature of things:

The good forever save the good,
When dull misfortunes clog:
For only elephants can drag
Their comrades from the bog.

While they were conversing thus, a deer named Spot arrived, panting with thirst and quivering for

fear of hunters' arrows. On seeing him approach, Swift flew into a tree, Gold crept into a grass-clump, and Slow sought an asylum in the water. But Spot stood near the bank, trembling for his safety.

Then Swift flew into the air, inspected the terrain for the distance of a league, then settled on his tree again, and called to Slow: "Slow, my dear fellow, come out, come out! No evil threatens you here. I have inspected the forest minutely. There is only this deer who has come to the lake for water." Thereupon all three gathered as before.

Then, out of friendly feeling toward a guest, Slow said to the deer: "My good fellow, drink and bathe. Our water is of excellent quality, and cool." And Spot thought, after meditating on this invitation: "Not the slightest danger threatens me from these. And this because a turtle has no capacity for mischief when out of water, while mouse and crow feed only on what is dead. So I will make one of their company." And he joined them.

Then Slow bade him welcome and did the honors, saying: "I trust your circumstances are happy. Pray tell us how you happened into this neck of the woods." And Spot replied: "I am weary of a life without love. I have been hard pressed on every side by mounted grooms and dogs and hunters. But fear lent speed, I left them all behind, and came here to drink. Now I am desirous of your friendship."

Upon hearing this, Slow said: "We are little of body. It is unnatural for you to make friends with us. One should make friends with those capable of returning favors." But Spot rejoined:

> "Better with the learnèd dwell,
> Even though it be in hell
> Than with vulgar spirits roam
> Palaces that gods call home.

"And since you know that one little of body may be of no little consequence, why these self-depreciatory remarks? Yet after all, such speech is becoming to the excellent. I therefore insist that you make friends with me today. There is a good old saying:

> Make friends, make friends, however strong
> Or weak they be:
> Recall the captive elephants
> That mice set free."

"How was that?" asked Slow. And Spot told the story of

THE MICE THAT SET ELEPHANTS FREE

There was once a region where people, houses, and temples had fallen into decay. So the mice, who were old settlers there, occupied the chinks in the floors of stately dwellings with sons, grandsons (both in the male and female line), and further descendants as they were born, until their holes formed a dense tangle. They found uncommon happiness in a variety

of festivals, dramatic performances (with plots of their own invention), wedding-feasts, eating-parties, drinking-bouts, and similar diversions. And so the time passed.

But into this scene burst an elephant-king, whose retinue numbered thousands. He, with his herd, had started for the lake upon information that there was water there. As he marched through the mouse community, he crushed faces, eyes, heads, and necks of such mice as he encountered.

Then the survivors held a convention. "We are being killed," they said, "by these lumbering elephants—curse them! If they come this way again, there will not be mice enough for seed. Besides:

> An elephant will kill you, if
> He touch; a serpent if he sniff;
> King's laughter has a deadly sting;
> A rascal kills by honoring.

Therefore let us devise a remedy effective in this crisis."

When they had done so, a certain number went to the lake, bowed before the elephant-king, and said respectfully: "O King, not far from here is our community, inherited from a long line of ancestors. There we have prospered through a long succession of sons and grandsons. Now you gentlemen, while coming here to water, have destroyed us by the thousand. Furthermore, if you travel that way again, there will

not be enough of us for seed. If then you feel compassion toward us, pray travel another path. Consider the fact that even creatures of our size will some day prove of some service."

And the elephant-king turned over in his mind what he had heard, decided that the statement of the mice was entirely logical, and granted their request.

Now in the course of time a certain king commanded his elephant-trappers to trap elephants. And they constructed a so-called water-trap, caught the king with his herd, three days later dragged him out with a great tackle made of ropes and things, and tied him to stout trees in that very bit of forest.

When the trappers had gone, the elephant-king reflected thus: "In what manner, or through whose assistance, shall I be delivered?" Then it occurred to him: "We have no means of deliverance except those mice."

So the king sent the mice an exact description of his disastrous position in the trap through one of his personal retinue, an elephant-cow who had not ventured into the trap, and who had previous information of the mouse community.

When the mice learned the matter, they gathered by the thousand, eager to return the favor shown them, and visited the elephant herd. And seeing king and herd fettered, they gnawed the guy-ropes where they stood, then swarmed up the branches,

and by cutting the ropes aloft, set their friends free.

"And that is why I say:

Make friends, make friends, however strong, ...

and the rest of it."

When Slow had listened to this, he said: "Be it even so, my dear fellow. Have no fear. In this place you are at home. Pray dismiss anxieties and behave as in your own dwelling." So they all took food and recreation at such hours as suited each, met at the noon hour in the shade of crowding trees beside the broad lake, and spent their time in reciprocated friendship, discussing a variety of masterly works on religion, economics, and similar subjects. And this seems quite natural:

For men of sense, good poetry
  And science will suffice:
The time of dunderheads is spent
  In squabbling, sleep, and vice.

And again:

A thrill
Will fill
  The wisest heart,
When flow
Bons mots
  Composed with art,
Though fe-
Males be
  Removed apart.

Now one day Spot failed to appear at the regular hour. And the others, missing him, alarmed also by an evil omen that appeared at that moment, drew the conclusion that he was in trouble, and could not keep up their spirits. Then Slow and Gold said to Swift: "Dear fellow, we two are prevented by locomotive limitations from hunting for our dear friend. We beg you, therefore, to hunt about and learn whether the poor fellow is eaten by a lion, or singed by forest fire, or fallen into the power of hunters and such creatures. There is a saying:

> One quickly fears for loved ones who
> In pleasure-gardens play:
> What, then, if they in forests grim
> And peril-bristling stay?

By all means go, search out precise news concerning Spot, and return quickly."

On hearing this, Swift flew a little distance to the edge of a swamp, and finding Spot caught in a stout trap braced with pegs of acacia-wood, he sorrowfully said: "My dear friend, how did you fall into this distress?" "My friend," said Spot, "there is no time for delay. Listen to me.

> When life is near an end,
> The presence of a friend
> Brings happiness, allying
> The living with the dying.

Oh, pardon any expressions of friendly impatience I may have used in our discussions. Likewise, say to Gold and Slow in my name:

If any ugly word
Was willy-nilly heard,
I pray you both, forgive—
Let only friendship live."

On hearing this, Swift replied: "Feel no fear, my dear fellow, while you have friends like us. I will return with all speed, bringing Gold to cut your bonds."

Thereupon, with his heart in a flutter, he found Slow and Gold, explained the nature of Spot's captivity, then returned to Spot, carrying Gold in his beak. Gold, for his part, on seeing the plight of his friend, sorrowfully said: "My dear fellow, you always had a wary mind and a shrewd eye. How, then, did you fall into this dreadful captivity?"

And Spot rejoined: "Why ask, my friend? Fate, you know, does what it will. As the saying goes:

What mortal flies
(However wise)
When billows rise
To fatal size
On seas of woe?

In dead of night,
Or broad daylight,
Grim fate may smite;
Ah, who can fight
An unseen foe?

You, my saintly friend, are familiar with the caprices of constraining destiny. Therefore be quick. Cut my bonds before the pitiless hunter comes."

At this moment Slow joined them. For his heart was so full of love for his friend that he had followed, leaving grass, shrubs, and spear-grass crushed behind him. At sight of him, they were more distressed than ever, and Gold became their spokesman. "My dear fellow," said he, "you have done wrong in leaving your fortress to come here, since you are not able to save yourself from the hunter, while on us he cannot lay hands. For when the bonds are cut and the hunter stands near, Spot will bound away and disappear, Swift will fly into a tree, while I, being a little fellow, will find some chink to slide into. But what will you do, when within his reach?"

To this Slow listened, but he said: "Oh, do not blame me, you of all people. For

> The loss of love and loss of wealth
> Who could endure
> But for restoratives of health
> In friendship sure?

And again:

> The days when meetings do not fail
> With wise and good
> Are lovely clearings on the trail
> Through life's wild wood.
>
> The heart finds rest in telling things
> (When troubles toss)

To honest wife, or friend who clings,
Or kindly boss.

Ah, my dear fellow,

The wistful glances wander,
The wits, bewildered, ponder
In good men separated,
Whose love is unabated.

And more than that:

Better lose your life than friends;
Life returns when this life ends,
Not the sympathy that blends."

At this moment the hunter arrived, bow and arrow in hand. Under his very eyes Gold cut the bonds and slipped into the before-mentioned chink. Swift flew into the air and was gone. Spot darted away.

Now when the hunter saw that the deer's bonds had been cut, he was filled with amazement and said: "Under no circumstances do deer cut their own bonds. It was through fate that a deer has done it." Then he spied a turtle on most improbable terrain, and with mixed feelings he said: "Even if the deer, with fate's help, cut his bonds and escaped, still I've got this turtle. As the saying goes:

Nothing comes, of all that walks,
All that flies to heaven,
All that courses o'er the earth,
If it be not given."

After this meditation, the hunter cut spear-grass with his knife, wove a stout rope, tied the turtle's feet

tightly together, fastened the rope to his bow-tip, and started home. But when Gold saw his friend borne away, he sorrowfully said: "Ah, me! Ah, me!

No sooner sorrow's ocean-shore
I reach in safety, than once more
A bitter sorrow is my lot:
Misfortunes crowd the weakest spot.

Fresh blows are dreadful on a wound;
Food fails, and hunger-pangs abound;
Woes come, old enmities grow hot:
Misfortunes crowd the weakest spot.

One walks at ease on level ground
Till one begins to stumble;
Let stumbling start, and every step
Is apt to bring a tumble.

And besides:

'Tis hard to find in life
A friend, a bow, a wife,
Strong, supple to endure,
In stock and sinew pure,
In time of danger sure.

False friends are common. Yes, but where
True nature links a friendly pair,
The blessing is as rich as rare.

To bitter ends
You trust true friends,
Not wife nor mother,
Not son nor brother.

No long experience alloys
True friendship's sweet and supple joys;

No evil men can steal the treasure;
'Tis death, death only, sets a measure.

"Ah, what is this fate that smites me ceaselessly? First came the loss of property; then humiliations from my own people, the result of poverty; because of gloom thereat, exile; and now fate prepares for me the loss of a friend. As the proverb says:

In truth, I do not grieve though riches flee;
Some lucky chance will bring them back to me:
'Tis this that hurts me—lacking riches' stay,
The best of friends relax and fall away.

And again:

Fate's artful linkage since my birth
Of evil deeds and deeds of worth
Pursues me on this present earth

Till states of mind that play and sway
And change and range from day to day,
Seem lives that strive and pass away.

Ah, there is only too much wisdom in this:

The body, born, is near its doom;
And riches are the source of gloom;
All meetings end in partings: yes,
The world is all one brittleness.

"Ah, me! Ah, me! The loss of my friend is death to me. What care I even for my own people? As the saying goes:

A foe of woe and pain and fear,
A cup of trust and feelings dear,
A pearl—who made it? Who could blend
Six letters in that name of friend?

Oh, friendly meetings!

> O joy to which the righteous cling,
> Machine that answers love's sole string,
> Pure happiness in every breath,
> Cut short by one stern exile—Death!

And once again:

> Pleasant riches; friendship's course
> In familiar ruts;
> Enmities of men of sense—
> Death abruptly cuts.

And one last word:

> If birth and death did not exist
> Nor age nor fear of loved ones missed,
> If all were not so quick to perish,
> Whose life were not a thing to cherish?"

While Gold recited these grief-stricken sentences, Spot and Swift joined him and united their lamentations with his. And Gold said to them: "So long as our dear Slow is within sight, so long we have a chance to save him. Leave us, Spot. You must slip past the hunter unobserved, drop to earth somewhere near water, and pretend to be dead. Swift, you must spread your claws in the cagework of Spot's horns, and pretend to peck out his eyes. Then that dreadful beast of a hunter, in the greedy belief that he has found a dead deer, will certainly wish to seize him, will throw the turtle on the ground, and hurry up. When his back is turned, I for my part will in a mere

twinkling set Slow free to seek refuge in the water near by, his natural fortress. I myself will slide into a grass-clump. You, furthermore, must plan a second escape when the beast of a hunter is upon you." So they put this plan into practice.

Now when the hunter saw a deer as good as dead beside the water, and noticed that a crow was pecking at him, he joyfully threw the turtle on the ground, and ran for a club. As soon as Spot could tell from the tramp of feet that the hunter was close upon him, with a supreme burst of speed he swept into dense forest. Swift flew into a tree. The turtle, his fettering cord cut by Gold, scrambled to shelter in the water. Gold slipped into a grass-clump.

To the hunter it seemed a conjurer's trick. "What does it mean?" he cried in his disappointment. Then he returned to the spot where he had left the turtle, and saw the cord cut in a hundred pieces no longer than a finger's breadth. Then he perceived that the turtle had vanished like a magician, and anticipated danger for his own person. With troubled heart he made all speed out of the wood for home, casting anxious glances at the horizon.

Meanwhile the four friends, free of all injury, came together, expressed their mutual affection, took a new lease on life, and lived happily. And so

> If beasts enjoy so great a prize
> Of friendship, why should wonder rise
> In men, who are so very wise?

How the Crow-Hen Killed the Black Snake

In cases where brute force would fail,
A shrewd device may still prevail:
The crow-hen used a golden chain,
And so the dreadful snake was slain.

In a certain region grew a great banyan tree. In it lived a crow and his wife, occupying the nest which they had built. But a black snake crawled through the hollow trunk and ate their chicks as fast as they were born, even before baptism. Yet for all his sorrow over this violence, the poor crow could not desert the old familiar banyan and seek another tree.

At last the crow-hen fell at her husband's feet and said: "My dear lord, a great many children of mine have been eaten by that awful snake. And grief for my loved and lost haunts me until I think of moving. Let us make our home in some other tree. For

No friend like health abounding;
And like disease, no foe;
No love like love of children;
Like hunger-pangs, no woe.

And again:

With fields o'erhanging rivers,
With wife on flirting bent,
Or in a house with serpents,
No man can be content.

We are living in deadly peril."

At this the crow was dreadfully depressed, and he said: "We have lived in this tree a long time, my dear. We cannot desert it. For

Where water may be sipped, and grass
Be cropped, a deer might live content;
Yet insult will not drive him from
The wood where all his life was spent.

Moreover, by some shrewd device I will bring death upon this villainous and mighty foe."

"But," said his wife, "this is a terribly venomous snake. How will you hurt him?" And he replied: "My dear, even if I have not the power to hurt him, still I have friends who possess learning, who have mastered the works on ethics. I will go and get from them some shrewd device of such nature that the villain—curse him!—will soon meet his doom."

After this indignant speech he went at once to another tree, under which lived a dear friend, a jackal. He courteously called the jackal forth, related all his sorrow, then said: "My friend, what do you consider opportune under the circumstances? The killing of our children is sheer death to my wife and me."

"My friend," said the jackal, "I have thought the

matter through. You need not put yourself out. That villainous black snake is near his doom by reason of his heartless cruelty. For

> Of means to injure brutal foes
> You do not need to think,
> Since of themselves they fall, like trees
> Upon the river's brink.

And there is a story:

> A heron ate what fish he could,
> The bad, indifferent, and good;
> His greed was never satisfied
> Till, strangled by a crab, he died."

"How was that?" asked the crow. And the jackal told the story of

THE HERON THAT LIKED CRAB-MEAT

There was once a heron in a certain place on the edge of a pond. Being old, he sought an easy way of catching fish on which to live. He began by lingering at the edge of his pond, pretending to be quite irresolute, not eating even the fish within his reach.

Now among the fish lived a crab. He drew near and said: "Uncle, why do you neglect today your usual meals and amusements?" And the heron replied: "So long as I kept fat and flourishing by eating fish, I spent my time pleasantly, enjoying the taste of you. But a great disaster will soon befall you. And as I am old, this will cut short the pleasant course of my life. For this reason I feel depressed."

"Uncle," said the crab, "of what nature is the disaster?" And the heron continued: "Today I overheard the talk of a number of fishermen as they passed near the pond. 'This is a big pond,' they were saying, 'full of fish. We will try a cast of the net tomorrow or the day after. But today we will go to the lake near the city.' This being so, you are lost, my food supply is cut off, I too am lost, and in grief at the thought, I am indifferent to food today."

Now when the water-dwellers heard the trickster's report, they all feared for their lives and implored the heron, saying: "Uncle! Father! Brother! Friend! Thinker! Since you are informed of the calamity, you also know the remedy. Pray save us from the jaws of this death."

Then the heron said: "I am a bird, not competent to contend with men. This, however, I can do. I can transfer you from this pond to another, a bottomless one." By this artful speech they were so led astray that they said: "Uncle! Friend! Unselfish kinsman! Take me first! Me first! Did you never hear this?

> Stout hearts delight to pay the price
> Of merciful self-sacrifice,
> Count life as nothing, if it end
> In gentle service to a friend."

Then the old rascal laughed in his heart, and took counsel with his mind, thus: "My shrewdness has

brought these fishes into my power. They ought to be eaten very comfortably." Having thus thought it through, he promised what the thronging fish implored, lifted some in his bill, carried them a certain distance to a slab of stone, and ate them there. Day after day he made the trip with supreme delight and satisfaction, and meeting the fish, kept their confidence by ever new inventions.

One day the crab, disturbed by the fear of death, importuned him with the words: "Uncle, pray save me, too, from the jaws of death." And the heron reflected: "I am quite tired of this unvarying fish diet. I should like to taste him. He is different, and choice." So he picked up the crab and flew through the air.

But since he avoided all bodies of water and seemed planning to alight on the sun-scorched rock, the crab asked him: "Uncle, where is that pond without any bottom?" And the heron laughed and said: "Do you see that broad, sun-scorched rock? All the water-dwellers have found repose there. Your turn has now come to find repose."

Then the crab looked down and saw a great rock of sacrifice, made horrible by heaps of fish-skeletons. And he thought: "Ah me!

> Friends are foes and foes are friends
> As they mar or serve your ends;
> Few discern where profit tends.

Again:

If you will, with serpents play;
Dwell with foemen who betray:
Shun your false and foolish friends,
Fickle, seeking vicious ends.

Why, he has already eaten these fish whose skeletons are scattered in heaps. So what might be an opportune course of action for me? Yet why do I need to consider?

Man is bidden to chastise
Even elders who devise
Devious courses, arrogant,
Of their duty ignorant.

Again:

Fear fearful things, while yet
No fearful thing appears;
When danger must be met,
Strike, and forget your fears.

So, before he drops me there, I will catch his neck with all four claws."

When he did so, the heron tried to escape, but being a fool, he found no parry to the grip of the crab's nippers, and had his head cut off.

Then the crab painfully made his way back to the pond, dragging the heron's neck as if it had been a lotus-stalk. And when he came among the fish, they said: "Brother, why come back?" Thereupon he showed the head as his credentials and said: "He enticed the water-dwellers from every quarter, de-

ceived them with his prevarications, dropped them on a slab of rock not far away, and ate them. But I—further life being predestined—perceived that he destroyed the trustful, and I have brought back his neck. Forget your worries. All the water-dwellers shall live in peace."

"And that is why I say:

A heron ate what fish he could, ...

and the rest of it."

"My friend," said the crow, "tell me how this villainous snake is to meet his doom." And the jackal answered: "Go to some spot frequented by a great monarch. There seize a golden chain or a necklace from some wealthy man who guards it carelessly. Deposit this in such a place that when it is recovered, the snake may be killed."

So the crow and his wife straightway flew off at random, and the wife came upon a certain pond. As she looked about, she saw the women of a king's court playing in the water, and on the bank they had laid golden chains, pearl necklaces, garments, and gems. One chain of gold the crow-hen seized and started for the tree where she lived.

But when the chamberlains and the eunuchs saw the theft, they picked up clubs and ran in pursuit. Meanwhile, the crow-hen dropped the golden chain in the snake's hole and waited at a safe distance.

Now when the king's men climbed the tree, they found a hole and in it a black snake with swelling hood. So they killed him with their clubs, recovered the golden chain, and went their way. Thereafter the crow and his wife lived in peace.

And that is why I say:

In cases where brute force would fail, ...

and the rest of it.

Numskull and the Rabbit

Intelligence is power. But where
Could power and folly make a pair?
The rabbit played upon his pride
To fool him; and the lion died.

In a part of a forest was a lion drunk with pride, and his name was Numskull. He slaughtered the animals without ceasing. If he saw an animal, he could not spare him.

So all the natives of the forest—deer, boars, buffaloes, wild oxen, rabbits, and others—came together, and with woe-begone countenances, bowed heads, and knees clinging to the ground, they undertook to beseech obsequiously the king of beasts: "Have done, O King, with this merciless, meaningless slaughter of all creatures. It is hostile to happiness in the other world. For the Scripture says:

A thousand future lives
  Will pass in wretchedness
For sins a fool commits
  His present life to bless.

What wisdom in a deed
  That brings dishonor fell,
That causes loss of trust,
  That paves the way to hell?

And yet again:

The ungrateful body, frail
  And rank with filth within,
Is such that only fools
  For its sake sink in sin.

"Consider these facts, and cease, we pray, to slaughter our generations. For if the master will remain at home, we will of our own motion send him each day for his daily food one animal of the forest. In this way neither the royal sustenance nor our families will be cut short. In this way let the king's duty be performed. For the proverb says:

The king who tastes his kingdom like
  Elixir, bit by bit,
Who does not overtax its life,
  Will fully relish it.

The king who madly butchers men,
  Their lives as little reckoned
As lives of goats, has one square meal,
  But never has a second.

A king desiring profit, guards
  His world from evil chance;
With gifts and honors waters it
  As florists water plants.

Guard subjects like a cow, nor ask
  For milk each passing hour:
A vine must first be sprinkled, then
  It ripens fruit and flower.

The monarch-lamp from subjects draws
  Tax-oil to keep it bright:
Has any ever noticed kings
  That shone by inner light?

A seedling is a tender thing,
  And yet, if not neglected,
It comes in time to bearing fruit:
  So subjects well protected.

Their subjects form the only source
  From which accrue to kings
Their gold, grain, gems, and varied drinks,
  And many other things.

The kings who serve the common weal,
  Luxuriantly sprout;
The common loss is kingly loss,
  Without a shade of doubt."

After listening to this address, Numskull said: "Well, gentlemen, you are quite convincing. But if an animal does not come to me every day as I sit here, I promise you I will eat you all." To this they assented with much relief, and fearlessly roamed the wood. Each day at noon one of them appeared as his dinner, each species taking its turn and providing an individual grown old, or religious, or grief-smitten, or fearful of the loss of son or wife.

One day a rabbit's turn came, it being rabbit-day. And when all the thronging animals had given him directions, he reflected: "How is it possible to kill this lion—curse him! Yet after all,

In what can wisdom not prevail?
In what can resolution fail?
What cannot flattery subdue?
What cannot enterprise put through?

I can kill even a lion."

So he went very slowly, planning to arrive tardily, and meditating with troubled spirit on a means of killing him. Late in the day he came into the presence of the lion, whose throat was pinched by hunger in consequence of the delay, and who angrily thought as he licked his chops: "Aha! I must kill all the animals the first thing in the morning."

While he was thinking, the rabbit slowly drew near, bowed low, and stood before him. But when the lion saw that he was tardy and too small at that for a meal, his soul flamed with wrath, and he taunted the rabbit, saying: "You reprobate! First, you are too small for a meal. Second, you are tardy. Because of this wickedness I am going to kill you, and tomorrow morning I shall extirpate every species of animal."

Then the rabbit bowed low and said with deference: "Master, the wickedness is not mine, nor the other animals'. Pray hear the cause of it." And the lion answered: "Well, tell it quick, before you are between my fangs."

"Master," said the rabbit, "all the animals recognized today that the rabbits' turn had come, and be-

cause I was quite small, they dispatched me with five other rabbits. But in mid-journey there issued from a great hole in the ground a lion who said: 'Where are *you* bound? Pray to your favorite god.' Then I said: 'We are traveling as the dinner of lion Numskull, our master, according to agreement.' 'Is that so?' said he. 'This forest belongs to me. So all the animals, without exception, must deal with me—according to agreement. This Numskull is a sneak thief. Call him out and bring him here at once. Then whichever of us proves stronger, shall be king and shall eat all these animals.' At his command, master, I have come to you. This is the cause of my tardiness. For the rest, my master is the sole judge."

After listening to this, Numskull said: "Well, well, my good fellow, show me that sneak thief of a lion, and be quick about it. I cannot find peace of mind until I have vented on him my anger against the animals. He should have remembered the saying:

Land and friends and gold at most
Have been won when battles cease;
If but one of these should fail,
Do not think of breaking peace.

Where no great reward is won,
Where defeat is nearly sure,
Never stir a quarrel, but
Find it wiser to endure."

"Quite so, master," said the rabbit. "Warriors fight for their country when they are insulted. But

this fellow skulks in a fortress. You know he came out of a fortress when he held us up. And an enemy in a fortress is hard to handle. As the saying goes:

A single royal fortress adds
More military force
Than do a thousand elephants,
A hundred thousand horse.

A single archer from a wall
A hundred foes forfends;
And so the military art
A fortress recommends.

God Indra used the wit and skill
Of gods in days of old,
When Devil Gold-mat plagued the world,
To build a fortress-hold.

And he decreed that any king
Who built a fortress sound,
Should conquer foemen. This is why
Such fortresses abound."

When he heard this, Numskull said: "My good fellow, show me that thief. Even if he is hiding in a fortress, I will kill him. For the proverb says:

The strongest man who fails to crush
At birth, disease or foe,
Will later be destroyed by that
Which he permits to grow.

And again:

The man who reckons well his power,
Nor pride nor vigor lacks,
May single-handed smite his foes
Like Rama-with-the-axe."

"Very true," said the rabbit. "But after all it was a mighty lion that I saw. So the master should not set out without realizing the enemy's capacity. As the saying runs:

A warrior failing to compare
Two hosts, in mad desire
For battle, plunges like a moth
Headforemost into fire.

And again:

The weak who challenge mighty foes
A battle to abide,
Like elephants with broken tusks,
Return with drooping pride."

But Numskull said: "What business is it of yours? Show him to me, even in his fortress." "Very well," said the rabbit. "Follow me, master." And he led the way to a well, where he said to the lion: "Master, who can endure your majesty? The moment he saw you, that thief crawled clear into his hole. Come, I will show him to you." "Be quick about it, my good fellow," said Numskull.

So the rabbit showed him the well. And the lion, being a dreadful fool, saw his own reflection in the water, and gave voice to a great roar. Then from the well issued a roar twice as loud, because of the echo. This the lion heard, decided that his rival was very powerful, hurled himself down, and met his death.

Thereupon the rabbit cheerfully carried the glad news to all the animals, received their compliments, and lived there contentedly in the forest.

And that is why I say:

Intelligence is power, ...

and the rest of it.

The Barber and the Jain Monks

Deeds ill-known, ill-recognized,
Ill-accomplished, ill-devised—
Thought of these let no man harbor;
Take a warning from the barber.

In the southern country is a city called Trumpet-Flower. In it lived a merchant named Jewel, who lost his fortune by the decree of fate, though his life was given to the pursuit of virtue, money, love, and salvation. The loss of property led to a series of humiliations, so that he sank into utter despondency. And one night he reflected: "A curse, a curse upon this state of poverty! For the proverb says:

Conduct, patience, purity,
  Manners, loving-kindness, birth,
After money disappears,
  Cease to have the slightest worth.

Wisdom, sense, and social charm,
  Honest pride and self-esteem,
After money disappears,
  All at once become a dream.

To the wisdom of the wise
  Constant household worries bring
Daily diminution, like
  Winter breathed upon by spring.

After money disappears,
  Keenest wisdom is at fault,
Choked by daily fuel and clothes,
  Oil and butter, rice and salt.

Poor and paltry neighbors scarce
  Waken sentiments of scorn,
Like the bubbles on a stream,
  Ever dying, ever born.

Yet the rich have license for
  All things vulgar and debased:
When the ocean bellows, none
  Reprobate his faulty taste."

Having thus set his mind in order, he concluded: "Under these circumstances, I will abandon life by self-starvation. What can be made of this calamity—life without money?" With his resolve taken, he went to sleep.

Now as he slept, a trillion dollars appeared in the form of a Jain monk, and said: "Good merchant, do not lose interest. I am a trillion, earned by your ancestors. Tomorrow morning I will come to your house in this same form. Then you must club me on the head, so that I may turn to gold and prove inexhaustible."

On awaking in the morning, he spent some time pondering on his dream: "Let me think. Will this dream prove true or false? I cannot tell. No doubt it will prove false, for I think of nothing

but money all day and all night. And the proverb says:

> Dreams that do not mean a thing
> Come to sick and sorrowing,
> Lovelorn, drunk, and worrying."

At this moment a barber arrived to manicure his wife's nails. And while the barber was busy with his manicuring, the Jain monk suddenly appeared. When Jewel perceived the monk, he was delighted and struck him on the head with a stick of wood that lay handy. Whereupon the monk turned to gold and immediately fell to the ground.

The merchant then set him up in the middle of the house, and said to the barber, after handing him a tip: "My good fellow, you must not tell anybody what has happened in our house." To this the barber assented, but when he reached home, he thought: "Surely, all these naked fellows turn to gold when clubbed on the head. So tomorrow morning I, too, will invite a lot of them and club them to death, in order to get a lot of gold." And the day and the night dragged away as he meditated his plan.

In the morning he rose and went to a Jain monastery, arranged his upper garment, circumambulated the Conqueror thrice, sought the ground with his knees, laid his garment's hem over the gateway of his mouth, made a profound obeisance, and with an ear-piercing voice intoned the following hymn:

"The saints victorious endure
Who live by saving knowledge pure,
Who sterilize the mind within
By mind, against the seed of sin.

And further:

The tongue that praiseth Him is blest;
The heart, in Him that seeketh rest;
The hands are blest, and only they,
That e'er to Him due homage pay."

After chanting other hymns also to the same effect, but in great variety, he sought out the abbot and dropped on his knees and hands, saying: "Greetings, Your Reverence." From the abbot he received a benediction for the increase of his virtue, likewise instructions for a vow that involved the practice of celibacy. Then he said devoutly: "Holy sir, when you take your pious walk today, pray come to my house with your whole company of monks."

"My dear neophyte," replied the abbot, "you know the holy law. How can you speak so? Do you take us for Brahmans, that you invite us to eat? Nay, we wander each day just as it happens, and when we meet a pious neophyte, enter his house. Begone. Never speak so again."

"Holy sir," said the barber, "I know it well. I will do as you say. However, you have many neophytes engaged in pious labors; while I, for my part, have made ready strips of canvas adapted to the wrapping of manuscripts. And for the copying of manuscripts

and the payment of scribes, sufficient money is provided. In view of this, pray do what seems proper." And so he started home.

When he arrived there, he got ready cudgels of acacia wood, placed them in a corner behind the door, then toward noon he returned to the monastery gate and waited there. Then as they all came forth in order of dignity, he besought them as teachers, and led them to his house. For their part, in their greed for book-covers and money they passed by their familiar neophytes, even the pious ones, and joyfully flocked behind him. Well, there is sense in the verse:

> Behold a wonder! Even he
> Who lives alone, from kindred free,
> With hand for spoon, and air for dress,
> Is overcome by greediness.

Then the barber conducted them well into the house and clubbed them. Under the clubbing some died, others had their heads broken and began to bawl. But when the soldiers in the citadel heard the howling, they said: "Well, well! What is this tremendous hubbub in the middle of town? Come along!" So they all scampered and saw the monks rushing from the barber's house, blood streaming over their bodies. And being asked what it meant, they told exactly how the barber had behaved.

So the soldiers fettered the barber and carried him off to court together with such monks as had survived

the slaughter. There the judges questioned him: "Come, sir! What means this shameful deed by you committed?" And he replied: "Gentlemen, what else could I do?" And with this he related the behavior of Jewel.

The judges therefore dispatched a summonser, who returned with Jewel. And they questioned him: "Merchant, why did you kill a certain Jain monk?" And he in turn gave a full account of the original monk. Whereupon they said: "Well, well! Let this villainous barber be impaled. For his act was ill advised."

When this had been done, they observed:

> Deeds ill-known, ill-recognized,
> Ill-accomplished, ill-advised—
> Thought of these let no man harbor;
> Take a warning from the barber.

How the Rabbit Fooled the Elephant

The feigning of a great commission
Immensely betters your condition:
Feigning a message from the moon,
The rabbits dwelt in comfort soon.

In a part of a forest lived an elephant-king named Four-Tusk, who had a numerous retinue of elephants. His time was spent in protecting the herd.

Now once there came a twelve-year drought, so that tanks, ponds, swamps, and lakes went dry. Then all the elephants said to the lord of the herd: "O King, our little ones are so tortured by thirst that some are like to die, and some are dead. Pray devise a method of removing thirst." So he sent in eight directions elephants fleet as the wind to search for water.

Now those who went east found beside a path near a hermitage a lake named Lake of the Moon. It was beautiful with swans, herons, ospreys, ducks, sheldrakes, cranes, and water-creatures. It was embowered in flowering sprays of branches drooping under the weight of various blossoms. Both banks were embellished with trees. It had beaches made lovely by sheets of foam born of the splashing of transparent waves that danced in the breeze and

broke on the shore. Its water was perfumed by the ichor-juice that oozed from elephant-temples washed clean of bees; for these flew up when the lordly creatures plunged. It was ever screened from the heat of the sun by hundreds of parasols in the shape of the countless leaves of trees on its banks. It gave forth deep-toned music from uncounted waves that turned aside on meeting the plump legs, hips, and bosoms of mountain maidens diving. It was brimming with crystal water, and beautified with thickets of water-lilies in full bloom. Why describe it? It was a segment of paradise.

When they saw this, they hastened back to report to the elephant-king.

So Four-Tusk, on hearing their report, traveled with them by easy stages to the Lake of the Moon. And finding a gentle slope all around the lake, the elephants plunged in, thereby crushing the heads, necks, fore-paws and hind-paws of thousands of rabbits who long before had made their home on the banks. Now after drinking and bathing, the elephant-king with his followers departed to his own portion of the jungle.

Then the rabbits who were left alive held an emergency convention. "What are we to do now?" said they. "Those fellows—curse their tracks!—will come here every day. Let some plan be framed at once to prevent their return."

Thereupon a rabbit named Victory, perceiving

their terror and their utter woe at the crushing of sons, wives, and relatives, said compassionately: "Have no fear. They shall not return. I promise it. For my guardian angel has granted me this grace."

And hearing this, the rabbit-king, whose name was Block-Snout, said to Victory: "Dear friend, this is beyond peradventure. For

> Good Victory knows every fact
> The textbooks teach; knows how to act
> In every place and time. Where he
> Is sent, there comes prosperity.

The elephants, sir, making acquaintance with your ripe wisdom, will become aware of my majesty, wisdom, and energy, though I am not present. For the proverb says:

> I learn if foreign kings be fools or no
> By their dispatches or their nuncio.

And if you go, it is as if I went myself. Because, if you

> Speak what lies in your commission,
> Speak with careful composition,
> Grammar and good ethics seeking,
> 'Tis as if myself were speaking.

And again:

> This is, in brief, the envoy's care:
> An argument to fit the facts
> And sound results, so far as speech
> May be translated into acts.

"Depart then, dear friend. And may the office of envoy prove a second guardian angel to you."

So Victory departed and espied the elephant-king in the act of returning to the lake. He was surrounded by thousands of lordly elephants, whose ears, like flowering branches, were swaying in a dignified dance. His body was dappled with masses of pollen from his couch made of twigs from the tips of branches of flowering cassia trees; so that he seemed a laden cloud with many clinging lightning-flashes. His trumpeting was as deep toned and awe inspiring as the clash of countless thunderbolts from which in the rainy season piercing flashes gleam. He had the glossy beauty of leaves in a bed of pure blue lotuses. His twisting trunk had the charm of a perfect snake. His presence was that of an elephant of heaven. His two tusks, shapely, smooth, and full, had the color of honey. Around his entire visage rose a charming hum from swarms of bees drawn by the fragrant perfume of the ichor-juice that issued from his temples.

And Victory reflected: "It is impossible for folk like me to come too near. Because, as the proverb puts it:

> An elephant will kill you if
> He touch; a serpent if he sniff;
> King's laughter has a deadly sting;
> A rascal kills by honoring.

I must by all odds seek impregnable terrain before introducing myself."

After these reflections, he climbed upon a tall and jagged rock-pile before saying: "Is it well with you, lord of the two-tusked breed?" And the elephant-king, hearing this, peered narrowly about, and said: "Who are you, sir?" "I am an envoy," said the rabbit. "In whose service?" asked the elephant, and the envoy answered: "In the service of the blessèd Moon." "State your business," said the elephant-king, and the rabbit stated it thus.

"You are aware, sir, that no injury may be done an envoy in the discharge of his function. For all kings, without exception, use envoys as their mouthpieces. Indeed, there is a proverb:

> Though swords be out and kinsmen fall in strife,
> The king still spares the harsh-tongued envoy's life.

"Therefore by command of the Moon I say to you: 'Why, O mortal, why have you used violence upon others, with no true reckoning of your own power or your foe's? For the Scripture says:

> All those who madly march to deeds,
> Not reckoning who are masters,
> Themselves or powerful enemies,
> Are asking for disasters.

"'Now you have sinfully violated the Lake of the Moon, known afar by my sacred name. And there you have slain rabbits who are under my special protection, who are of the race of that rabbit-king

cherished in my bosom. This is iniquitous. Nay, one would think you the only creature in the world who does not know the rabbit in the moon. But what is gained by much speaking? Desist from such actions, or great disaster will befall you at my hands. But if from this hour you desist, great distinction will be yours; for your body will be nourished by my moonlight, and with your companions you shall pursue your happy, carefree fancies in this forest. In the alternative case, my light shall be withheld, your body will be scorched by summer heat, and you with your companions will perish.'"

On hearing this, the elephant-king felt his heart stagger, and after long reflection he said: "It is true, sir. I have sinned against the blessèd Moon. Who am I that I should longer contend with him? Pray point out to me, and quickly, the way that I must travel to win the blessèd Moon's forgiveness."

The rabbit said: "Come, sir, alone. I will point it out." So he went by night to the Lake of the Moon, and showed him the moon reflected in the water. There was the brilliant, quivering disk, of lustrous loveliness, surrounded by planets, the Seven Sages, and hosts of stars, all dancing in the reflection of heaven's broad expanse. And its circle was complete, with the full complement of digits.

Seeing this, the elephant said: "I purify myself and worship the deity," and he dropped upon the

water a trunk that two men's arms might have encircled. Thereby he disturbed the water, the moon's disk danced to and fro as if mounted on a whirling wheel, and he saw a thousand moons.

Then Victory started back in great agitation, and said to the elephant-king: "Woe, woe to you, O King! You have doubly enraged the Moon." The elephant said: "For what reason is the blessèd Moon angry with me?"

"Because," said Victory, "you have touched this water." So the elephant-king, with drooping ears, bowed his head to the very earth in deep obeisance, in order to win forgiveness from the blessed Moon. And he spoke again to Victory: "My worthy sir, in all other manners, also, beseech for me the forgiveness of the blessèd Moon. I shall never return here." And with these words he went to his own place.

And that is why I say:

The feigning of a great commission, ...

and the rest of it.

The Potter Militant

The heedless trickster who forgets
His own advantage, and who lets
The truth slip out, like Fight-Firm, he
Is sure to lose his victory.

There was once a potter in a certain place. One day he carelessly ran with all his might into the jagged edge of a broken pot, and tumbled. And though the jagged edge tore his forehead, he struggled to his feet, blood streaming over his body. Now as the wound was unskilfully treated, the scar cicatrized horribly.

After some time the land was afflicted with famine, and he felt the pinch of hunger. So he joined certain life-guards and went to another country.

Now the king noticed on his brow the horrible scar from the potsherd, and he thought: "Surely, this man is a great hero. He took a wound in front, on his brow." So he bestowed honors and gifts and the like, regarding him more graciously than all others. Even the princes, observing the exceptional favor shown him, cherished an extreme jealousy, yet they feared the king and said not a word.

Now one day there was a review of picked troops.

While the elephants were being accoutered and the horses caparisoned and the men inspected, the king took occasion to say to the potter: "O Prince, what is your name? And what your family? In what battle was this wound printed on your brow?"

"Your Majesty," he replied, "by birth I am a potter, and my name is Fight-Firm. This is not a sword-wound. But when I was unsteady with liquor, I was hurrying through a courtyard littered with broken pots, and tumbled over one. Later the scar from the potsherd became a horrible cicatrice."

Then the king reflected: "Good heavens! I was taken in by this potter who seemed a prince. Let a cuffing be administered."

When this had been done, the potter said: "Your Majesty, do not treat me thus, but witness my adroitness in battle." "No, my friend," said the king, "you may be a treasure-house of all the virtues. Yet you must begone. You may have heard the stanza:

Handsome you are, and valorous;
You have a scholar's brain:
But in your family, my boy,
No elephants are slain."

"How was that?" asked the potter. And the king told the story of

THE JACKAL WHO KILLED NO ELEPHANTS

In a part of a forest lived a lion and his wife. One day the lioness gave birth to twins. And the lion

killed deer and things every day, and gave them to the lioness.

But one day as he ranged the forest, he had met nothing when the blessèd sun sank to his setting. As he trotted home, he found a baby jackal on the trail. And he pitied it because it was a baby. So he held it between his teeth and carefully carried it home, giving it to the lioness alive.

Then the lioness said: "Have you brought any food, sweetheart?" And he answered: "My dear, I didn't find a thing today except this jackal cub. Even him I did not kill, for I thought: 'He is a creature much like us, and a baby at that.' You know the proverb:

> Never strike a hermit mild,
> Woman, clergyman, or child:
> Give your life, if needs you must—
> Do not falsify their trust.

"Now suppose you eat him, and feel better. In the morning I will bring something else."

"Sweetheart," said she, "you did not kill him because you thought: 'He is a baby.' So how can I destroy him for my belly's sake? You know the verse of Scripture:

> No man may plead the death-god's might
> For doing wrong, or shirking right.

So he shall be my third son."

After this reply, she gave him her own milk and

made him very fat. So the three cubs spent their babyhood in the same business and amusements, not recognizing any difference in parentage.

Now one day a wild elephant came wandering into that forest. The two lion-cubs, when they saw him, wrathfully started for him, eager to kill. But the jackal-cub said: "Brothers, that is an elephant, an enemy of your race. Don't go near him." With this he ran home. And the other two, seeing their elder brother routed, felt their pluck ooze away. The well-known proverb is right:

> One bold and plucky fighter
> Will give an army pluck:
> One broken, routed blighter
> Diffuses evil luck.

And, indeed,

> This is the very reason why
> Kings look for sturdy fighters,
> Heroic, dauntless, stone-wall men,
> And shun the cowardly blighters.

Later the twin brothers went home, and humorously told their parents how their elder brother had behaved. "Why, you know," said they, "the minute he saw him, he couldn't get far enough quick enough."

When the jackal heard this, wrath entered his spirit. His blossom-lip quivered, his eyes grew red, and a frown made two deep wrinkles on his brow. And he spoke harshly, scolding the twins.

Then the lioness took him aside and admonished

him: "You must never, never speak so, my dear. They are your brothers." But her patient pleading filled him with greater anger, and he burst upon her, too: "Do you think me their inferior in courage or beauty or science or application or skill? What right have they to ridicule me? I am certainly going to kill them."

When she heard this outburst, the lioness laughed quietly—for she did not wish him to die—and said:

"Handsome you are, and valorous;
You have a scholar's brain:
But in your family, my boy,
No elephants are slain.

Now listen carefully, my dear. Your mother was a jackal, and I fattened you with my own milk because I pitied you. Now while my twins are babies and do not know you for a jackal, hurry away and join your own people. If not, they will fight you, and you will tread the path of death." When the jackal heard this, he was terror stricken, and softly stole away to join his own people.

"Just so you, too, had best decamp before these veterans learn that you are a potter. If not, you will be hooted and killed." And the potter, hearing this, absconded.

And that is why I say:

The heedless trickster who forgets, ...

and the rest of it.

The Pert Hen-Sparrow

Give counsel only when it fits
To such as seek the best.
The foolish monkey broke to bits
The sparrow's cozy nest.

In a certain wood lived a sparrow and his wife who had built their nest on the branch of a tree. One day in the month of February a monkey took shelter under the tree; for he had been caught in an unseasonable hail-storm, and his body shivered to the slightest breeze. Since his teeth were making music and his face was woebegone and his hands and feet were tightly clenched, the hen-sparrow said to him compassionately:

With hands and feet of human plan,
Almost you seem to be a man.
So, if you find the weather cool,
Why not construct a house, you fool?

When the monkey heard this, he reflected: "Well, well, some people fancy themselves. Here is this paltry hen-sparrow who has a good opinion of her own judgment. The well-known saying is correct:

Of self-conceit all creatures show
An adequate supply:
The plover lies with claws upstretched
To prop the falling sky."

Thereupon he said to her:

You slut! You wench! You smarty!
You needle-face! Be still,
Or I will spoil the party;
I will, I will, I will.

But she continued to ply him with excellent advice concerning the construction of a house, even after he had thus requested her not to do so. So he climbed the tree and destroyed her nest, breaking it to bits.

And that is why I say:

Give counsel only when it fits, ...

and the rest of it.

How Supersmart Ate the Elephant

Sway patrons with obeisance;
In heroes raise a doubt;
Fling petty bribes to flunkeys;
With equals, fight it out.

There was once a jackal named Supersmart in a part of a forest. One day he came upon an elephant that had died a natural death in the wood. But he could only stalk about the body; he could not cut through the tough hide.

At this moment a lion, in his wanderings to and fro, came to the spot. And the jackal, spying him, obsequiously rubbed his scalp in the dust, clasped his lotus paws, and said: "My lord and king, I am merely a cudgel-bearer, guarding this elephant in the king's interest. May the king deign to eat it."

Then the lion said: "My good fellow, under no circumstances do I eat what another has killed. I graciously bestow this elephant upon you." And the jackal joyfully replied: "It is only what our lord and king has taught his servants to expect."

When the lion was gone, a tiger arrived. And the jackal thought when he saw him: "Well, I sent one

rascal packing by doing obeisance. Now, how shall I dispose of this one? To be sure, he is a hero, and therefore can be managed only by intrigue. For there is a saying:

> Where bribes and flattery would fail,
> Intrigue is certain to avail.

And indeed, all creatures are held in bondage by heart-piercing intrigue. As the saying goes:

> Even a pearl, so smoothly hard and round,
> Is fastened by a thread and safely bound,
> After a way to pierce its heart is found."

So he took his decision, went to meet the tiger, and slightly stiffening his neck, he said in an agitated tone: "Uncle, how could you venture into the jaws of death? This elephant was killed by a lion, who put me on guard while he went to bathe. And as he went, he gave me my orders. 'If any tiger comes this way,' he said, 'creep up and tell me. I have to clear this forest of tigers, because once, when I had killed an elephant, a tiger helped himself while my back was turned, and I had the leavings. From that day I have been death on tigers.'"

On hearing this, the tiger was terrified, and said: "My dear nephew, make me a gift of my life. Even if he is slow in returning, don't give him any news of me." With these words he decamped.

When the tiger had gone, a leopard appeared. And the jackal thought when he saw him: "Here comes Spot. He has powerful teeth. So I will use him to cut into this elephant-hide."

With this in mind, he said: "Well, nephew, where have you been this long time? And why do you seem so hungry? You come as my guest, according to the proverb:

A guest in need
Is a guest indeed.

Now here lies this elephant, killed by a lion who appointed me its guardian. But for all that, you may enjoy a square meal of elephant-meat, provided you cut and run before he gets back."

"No, uncle," said the leopard, "if things stand so, this meat is not healthy for me. You know the saying:

A man to thrive
Must keep alive.

Never eat a thing that doesn't sit well on the stomach. So I will be off." "Don't be timid," said the jackal. "Pluck up courage and eat. I will warn you of his coming while he is yet a long way off." So the leopard did as suggested, and the jackal, as soon as he saw the hide cut through, called out: "Quick, nephew, quick! Here comes the lion." Hearing this, the leopard vanished also.

Now while the jackal was eating meat through the opening cut by the leopard, a second jackal came

on the scene in a great rage. And Supersmart, esteeming him an equal whose prowess was a known quantity, recited the stanza:

> Sway patrons with obeisance;
> In heroes raise a doubt;
> Fling petty bribes to flunkeys;
> With equals, fight it out—

made a dash at him, tore him with his fangs, made him seek the horizon, and himself comfortably enjoyed elephant-meat for a long time.

Leap and Creep

With no stranger share your house;
Leap, the flea, killed Creep, the louse.

In the palace of a certain king stood an incomparable bed, blessed with every cubiculary virtue. In a corner of its coverlet lived a female louse named Creep. Surrounded by a thriving family of sons and daughters, with the sons and daughters of sons and daughters, and with more remote descendants, she drank the king's blood as he slept. On this diet she grew plump and handsome.

While she was living there in this manner, a flea named Leap drifted in on the wind and dropped on the bed. This flea felt supreme satisfaction on examining the bed—the wonderful delicacy of its coverlet, its double pillow, its exceptional softness like that of a broad, Gangetic sand-bank, its delicious perfume. Charmed by the sheer delight of touching it, he hopped this way and that until—fate willed it so—he chanced to meet Creep, who said to him: "Where do *you* come from? This is a dwelling fit for a king. Begone, and lose no time about it." "Madam," said he, "you should not say such things. For

The Brahman reverences fire,
Himself the lower castes' desire;
The wife reveres her husband dear;
But all the world must guests revere.

Now I am your guest. I have of late sampled the various blood of Brahmans, warriors, business men, and serfs, but found it acid, slimy, quite unwholesome. On the contrary, he who reposes on this bed must have a delightful vital fluid, just like nectar. It must be free from morbidity, since wind, bile, and phlegm are kept in harmony by constant and heedful use of potions prepared by physicians. It must be enriched by viands unctuous, tender, melting in the mouth; viands prepared from the flesh of the choicest creatures of land, water, and air, seasoned furthermore with sugar, pomegranate, ginger, and pepper. To me it seems an elixir of life. Therefore, with your kind permission, I plan to taste this sweet and fragrant substance, thus combining pleasure and profit."

"No," said she. "For fiery-mouthed stingers like you, it is out of the question. Leave this bed. You know the proverb:

The fool who does not know
His own resource, his foe,
His duty, time, and place,
Who sets a reckless pace,
Will by the wayside fall,
Will reap no fruit at all."

Thereupon he fell at her feet, repeating his request. And she agreed, since courtesy was her hobby, and since, when the story of that prince of sharpers, Muladeva, was being repeated to the king while she lay on a corner of the coverlet, she had heard how Muladeva quoted this verse in answer to the question of a certain damsel:

> Whoever, angry though he be,
> Has spurned a suppliant enemy,
> In Shiva, Vishnu, Brahma, he
> Has scorned the Holy Trinity.

Recalling this, she agreed, but added: "However, you must not come to dinner at a wrong place or time." "What is the right place and what is the right time?" he asked. "Being a newcomer, I am not *au courant*." And she replied: "When the king's body is mastered by wine, fatigue, or sleep, then you may quietly bite him on the feet. This is the right place and the right time." To these conditions he gave his assent.

In spite of this arrangement, the famished bungler, when the king had just dozed off in the early evening, bit him on the back. And the poor king, as if burned by a firebrand, as if stung by a scorpion, as if touched by a torch, bounded to his feet, scratched his back, and cried to a servant: "Rascal! Somebody bit me. You must hunt through this bed until you find the insect."

Now Leap heard the king's command and in terrified haste crept into a crevice in the bed. Then the king's servants entered, and following their master's orders, brought a lamp and made a minute inspection. As fate would have it, they came upon Creep as she crouched in the nap of the fabric, and killed her with her family.

And that is why I say:

With no stranger share your house, ...

and the rest of it.

The Blue Jackal

Whoever leaves his friends,
Strange folk to cherish,
Like foolish Fierce-Howl, will
Untimely perish.

There was once a jackal named Fierce-Howl, who lived in a cave near the suburbs of a city. One day he was hunting for food, his throat pinched with hunger, and wandered into the city after nightfall. There the city dogs snapped at his limbs with their sharp-pointed teeth, and terrified his heart with their dreadful barking, so that he stumbled this way and that in his efforts to escape and happened into the house of a dyer. There he tumbled into a tremendous indigo vat, and all the dogs went home.

Presently the jackal—further life being predestined—managed to crawl out of the indigo vat and escaped into the forest. There all the thronging animals in his vicinity caught a glimpse of his body dyed with the juice of indigo, and crying out: "What is this creature enriched with that unprecedented color?" they fled, their eyes dancing with terror, and spread the report: "Oh, oh! Here is an exotic creature that has dropped from somewhere. Nobody

knows what his conduct might be, or his energy. We are going to vamoose. For the proverb says:

> Where you do not know
> Conduct, stock, and pluck,
> 'Tis not wise to trust,
> If you wish for luck."

Now Fierce-Howl perceived their dismay, and called to them: "Come, come, you wild things! Why do you flee in terror at sight of me? For Indra, realizing that the forest creatures have no monarch, anointed me—my name is Fierce-Howl—as your king. Rest in safety within the cage formed by my resistless paws."

On hearing this, the lions, tigers, leopards, monkeys, rabbits, gazelles, jackals, and other species of wild life bowed humbly, saying: "Master, prescribe to us our duties." Thereupon he appointed the lion prime minister and the tiger lord of the bedchamber, while the leopard was made custodian of the king's betel, the elephant doorkeeper, and the monkey the bearer of the royal parasol. But to all the jackals, his own kindred, he administered a cuffing, and drove them away. Thus he enjoyed the kingly glory, while lions and others killed food-animals and laid them before him. These he divided and distributed to all after the manner of kings.

While time passed in this fashion, he was sitting one day in his court when he heard the sound made

by a pack of jackals howling near by. At this his body thrilled, his eyes filled with tears of joy, he leaped to his feet, and began to howl in a piercing tone. When the lions and others heard this, they perceived that he was a jackal, and stood for a moment shamefaced and downcast, then they said: "Look! We have been deceived by this jackal. Let the fellow be killed." And when he heard this, he endeavored to flee, but was torn to bits by a tiger and died.

And that is why I say:

Whoever leaves his friends, ...

and the rest of it.

The Plover Who Fought the Ocean

He loses fights who fights before
His foeman's power is reckoned:
The ocean and the plover fought,
And ocean came out second.

A plover and his wife once lived by the shore of the sea, the mighty sea that swarms with fish, crocodiles, turtles, sharks, porpoises, pearl oysters, shellfish, and other teeming life. The plover was called Sprawl, and his wife's name was Constance.

In due time she became pregnant and was ready to lay her eggs. So she said to her husband: "Please find a spot where I may lay my eggs." "Why," said he, "this home of ours, inherited from our ancestors, promises progress. Lay your eggs here." "Oh," said she, "don't mention this dreadful place. Here is the ocean near at hand. His tide might some day make a long reach and lick away my babies."

But the plover answered: "Sweetheart, he knows me, he knows Sprawl. Surely the great ocean cannot show such enmity to me. Did you never hear this?

What man is rash enough to take
The gleaming crest-jewel from a snake?
Or stirs the wrath of one so dread
His glance may strike his victim dead?

However summer heat distresses
In wild and treeless wildernesses,
Who, after all, would seek the shade
By some rogue elephant's body made?

And again:

When morning's chilly breezes blow
With whirling particles of snow,
What man with sense of value sure,
Employs for cold the water cure?

To visit Death what man desires,
So wakes the lion's sleeping fires,
Who, tired from slaying elephants,
Lies in a temporary trance?

Who dares to visit and defy
The death-god? Dares the fearless cry—
I challenge you to single strife;
If power be yours, pray take my life?

What son of man, with simple wit,
Defies the fire, and enters it—
The smokeless flame that terrifies,
Whose tongues by hundreds lick the skies?"

But even as he spoke, his wife laughed outright, since she knew the full measure of his capacity, and she said: "Very fine, indeed. There is plenty more where that came from. O king of birds,

Your heavy boastings startle, shock,
And make of you a laughingstock:
One marvels if the rabbit plants
A dung-pile like the elephant's.

How can you fail to appreciate your own strength and weakness? There is a saying:

To know one's self is hard, to know
Wise effort, effort vain;
But accurate self-critics are
Secure in times of strain.

This much of effort brings success;
I have the power; I can:
So think, then act, and reap the fruit
Of your judicious plan.

And there is sound sense in this:

To take advice from kindly friends
Be ever satisfied:
The stupid turtle lost his grip
Upon the stick, and died."

"How was that?" asked Sprawl. And Constance told the story of

SHELL-NECK, SLIM, AND GRIM

In a certain lake lived a turtle named Shell-Neck. He had as friends two ganders whose names were Slim and Grim. Now in the vicissitudes of time there came a twelve-year drought, which begot ideas of this nature in the two ganders: "This lake has gone dry. Let us seek another body of water. However, we must

first say farewell to Shell-Neck, our dear and long-proved friend."

When they did so, the turtle said: "Why do you bid me farewell? I am a water-dweller, and here I should perish very quickly from the scant supply of water and from grief at loss of you. Therefore, if you feel any affection for me, please rescue me from the jaws of this death. Besides, as the water dries in this lake, you two suffer nothing beyond a restricted diet, while to me it means immediate death. Consider which is more serious, loss of food or loss of life."

But they replied: "We are unable to take you with us since you are a water-creature without wings." Yet the turtle continued: "There is a possible device. Bring a stick of wood." This they did, whereupon the turtle gripped the middle of the stick between his teeth, and said: "Now take firm hold with your bills, one on each side, fly up, and travel with even flight through the sky, until we discover another desirable body of water."

But they objected: "There is a hitch in this fine plan. If you happen to indulge in the smallest conversation, then you will lose your hold on the stick, will fall from a great height, and will be dashed to bits."

"Oh," said the turtle, "from this moment I take a vow of silence, to last as long as we are in heaven." So they carried out the plan, but while the two

ganders were painfully carrying the turtle over a neighboring city, the people below noticed the spectacle, and there arose a confused buzz of talk as they asked: "What is this cartlike object that two birds are carrying through the atmosphere?"

Hearing this, the doomed turtle was heedless enough to ask: "What are these people chattering about?" The moment he spoke, the poor simpleton lost his grip and fell to the ground. And persons who wanted meat cut him to bits in a moment with sharp knives.

"And that is why I say:

To take advice from kindly friends, ...

and the rest of it." And Constance continued:

Forethought and Readywit thrive;
Fatalist can't keep alive.

"How was that?" asked Sprawl. And she told the story of

FORETHOUGHT, READYWIT, AND FATALIST

In a great lake lived three full-grown fishes, whose names were Forethought, Readywit, and Fatalist. Now one day the fish named Forethought overheard passers-by on the bank and fishermen saying: "There are plenty of fish in this pond. Tomorrow we go fishing."

On hearing this, Forethought reflected: "This looks bad. Tomorrow or the day after they will be sure to come here. I will take Readywit and Fatalist and move to another lake whose waters are not troubled." So he called them and put the question.

Thereupon Readywit said: "I have lived long in this lake and cannot move in such a hurry. If fishermen come here, then I will protect myself by some means devised for the occasion."

But poor, doomed Fatalist said: "There are sizable lakes elsewhere. Who knows whether they will come here or not? One should not abandon the lake of his birth merely because of such small gossip. And the proverb says:

> Since scamp and sneak and snake
> So often undertake
> A plan that does not thrive,
> The world wags on, alive.

Therefore I am determined not to go." And when Forethought realized that their minds were made up, he went to another body of water.

On the next day, when he had gone, the fishermen with their boys beset the inner pool, cast a net, and caught all the fish without exception. Under these circumstances Readywit, while still in the water, played dead. And since they thought: "This big fellow died without help," they drew him from the net and laid him on the bank, from which he wriggled back to

safety in the water. But Fatalist stuck his nose into the meshes of the net, struggling until they pounded him repeatedly with clubs and so killed him.

"And that is why I say:

Forethought and Readywit thrive;
Fatalist can't keep alive."

"My dear," said the plover, "why do you think me like Fatalist?

Horses, elephants, and iron,
Water, woman, man,
Sticks and stones and clothes are built
On a different plan.

Feel no anxiety. Who can bring humiliation upon you while my arms protect you?"

So Constance laid her eggs, but the ocean, who had listened to the previous conversation, thought: "Well, well! There is sense in the saying:

Of self-conceit all creatures show
An adequate supply:
The plover lies with claws upstretched
To prop the falling sky.

I will just put his power to the test."

So the next day, when the two plovers had gone foraging, he made a long reach with his wave-hands and eagerly seized the eggs. Then when the hen-plover returned and found the nursery empty, she said to her husband: "See what has happened to poor

me. The ocean seized my eggs today. I told you more than once that we should move, but you were stupid as Fatalist and would not go. Now I am so sad at the loss of my children that I have decided to burn myself."

"My dear," said the plover, "wait until you witness my power, until I dry up that rascally ocean with my bill." But she replied: "My dear husband, how can you fight the ocean? Furthermore,

> Gay simpletons who fight,
> Not estimating right
> The foe's power and their own,
> Like moths in flame atone."

"My dear," said the plover, "you should not say such things.

> The sun's new-risen beams
> Upon the mountains fall:
> Where glory is cognate,
> Age matters not at all.

With this bill I shall dry up the water to the last drop, and turn the sea into dry land." "Darling," said his wife, "with a bill that holds one drop how will you dry up the ocean, into which pour without ceasing the Ganges and the Indus, bearing the water of nine times nine hundred tributary streams? Why talk nonsense?" But the plover said:

> Success is rooted in the will;
> And I possess an iron-strong bill;
> Long days and nights before me lie:
> Why should not ocean's flood go dry?

The highest glory to attain
Asks enterprise and manly strain:
The sun must first to Libra climb
Before he routs the cloudy time.

"Well," said his wife, "if you feel that you must make war on the ocean, at least call other birds to your aid before you begin. For the proverb says:

A host where each is weak
Brings victory to pass:
The elephant is bound
By woven ropes of grass.

And again:

Woodpecker and sparrow
With froggy and gnat,
Attacking *en masse*, laid
The elephant flat."

"How was that?" asked Sprawl. And Constance told the story of

THE DUEL BETWEEN ELEPHANT AND SPARROW

In a dense bit of jungle lived a sparrow and his wife, who had built their nest on the branch of a tamal tree, and in course of time a family appeared.

Now one day a jungle elephant with the spring fever was distressed by the heat, and came beneath that tamal tree in search of shade. Blinded by his fever, he pulled with the tip of his trunk at the branch where the sparrows had their nest, and broke it. In the process the sparrows' eggs were crushed, though

the parent-birds—further life being predestined—barely escaped death.

Then the hen-sparrow lamented, desolate with grief at the death of her chicks. And presently, hearing her lamentation, a woodpecker bird, a great friend of hers, came grieved at her grief, and said: "My dear friend, why lament in vain? For the Scripture says:

For lost and dead and past
The wise have no laments:
Between the wise and fools
Is just this difference.

And again:

No life deserves lament;
Fools borrow trouble,
Add sadness to the sad,
So make it double.

And yet again:

Since kinsmen's sticky tears
Clog the departed,
Bury them decently,
Tearless, whole-hearted."

"That is good doctrine," said the hen-sparrow, "but what of it? This elephant—curse his spring fever!—killed my babies. So if you are my friend, think of some plan to kill this big elephant. If that were done, I should feel less grief at the death of my children. You know the saying:

While one brings comfort in distress,
Another jeers at pain;
By paying both as they deserve,
A man is born again."

"Madam," said the woodpecker, "your remark is very true. For the proverb says:

A friend in need is a friend indeed,
Although of different caste;
The whole world is your eager friend
So long as riches last.

And again:

A friend in need is a friend indeed;
Fathers indeed are those who feed;
True comrades they, and wives indeed,
Whence trust and sweet content proceed.

"Now see what my wit can devise. But you must know that I, too, have a friend, a gnat called Lute-Buzz. I will return with her, so that this villainous beast of an elephant may be killed."

So he went with the hen-sparrow, found the gnat, and said: "Dear madam, this is my friend the hen-sparrow. She is mourning because a villainous elephant smashed her eggs. So you must lend your assistance while I work out a plan for killing him."

"My good friend," said the gnat, "there is only one possible answer. But I also have a very intimate friend, a frog named Cloud-Messenger. Let us do the right thing by calling him into consultation. For the proverb says:

A wise companion find,
Shrewd, learnèd, righteous, kind;
For plans by him designed
Are never undermined."

So all three went together and told Cloud-Messenger the entire story. And the frog said: "How feeble a thing is that wretched elephant when pitted against a great throng enraged! Gnat, you must go and buzz in his fevered ear, so that he may shut his eyes in delight at hearing your music. Then the woodpecker's bill will peck out his eyes. After that I will sit on the edge of a pit and croak. And he, being thirsty, will hear me, and will approach expecting to find a body of water. When he comes to the pit, he will fall in and perish."

When they carried out the plan, the fevered elephant shut his eyes in delight at the song of the gnat, was blinded by the woodpecker, wandered thirst-smitten at noonday, followed the croak of a frog, came to a great pit, fell in, and died.

"And that is why I say:

Woodpecker and sparrow, ...

and the rest of it."

"Very well," said the plover. "I will assemble my friends and dry up the ocean." With this in mind, he summoned all the birds and related his grief at the rape of his chicks. And they started to beat the ocean with their wings, as a means of bringing relief to his sorrow.

But one bird said: "Our desires will not be accomplished in this manner. Let us rather fill up the ocean

with clods and dust." So they all brought what clods and dust they could carry in the hollow of their bills and started to fill up the ocean.

Then another bird said: "It is plain that we are not equal to a contest with mighty ocean. So I will tell you what is now timely. There is an old gander who lives beside a banyan tree, who will give us sound and practical advice. Let us go and ask him. For there is a saying:

> Take old folks' counsel (those are old
> Who have experience)
> The captive wild-goose flock was freed
> By one old gander's sense."

"How was that?" asked the birds. And the speaker told the story of

THE SHREWD OLD GANDER

In a part of a forest was a fig tree with massive branches. In it lived a flock of wild geese. At the root of this tree appeared a creeping vine of the species called *koshambi*. Thereupon the old gander said: "This vine that is climbing our fig tree bodes ill to us. By means of it, someone might perhaps climb up here some day and kill us. Take it away while it is still slender and readily cut." But the geese despised his counsel and did not cut the vine, so that in course of time it wound its way up the tree.

Now one day when the geese were out foraging, a hunter climbed the fig tree by following the spiral

vine, laid a snare among the nests, and went home. When the geese, after food and recreation, returned at nightfall, they were caught to the last one. Whereupon the old gander said: "Well, the disaster has taken place. You are caught, having brought it on yourselves by not heeding my advice. We are all lost now."

Then the geese said to him: "Sir, the thing having come to pass, what ought we to do now?" And the old fellow replied: "If you will take my advice, play dead when that hateful hunter comes. And when the hunter, inferring that we are dead, throws the last one to the ground, we then must all rise simultaneously, flying over his head."

At early dawn the hunter arrived, and when he looked them over, everyone seemed as good as dead. He therefore freed them from the snare with perfect assurance, and threw them all to the ground, one after the other. But when they saw him preparing to descend, they all followed the shrewd plan of the old gander and flew up simultaneously.

"And that is why I say:

Take old folks' counsel, ...

and the rest of it."

When the story had been told, all the birds visited the old gander and related their grief at the rape of the chicks. Then the old gander said: "The king of

us all is Garuda. Therefore, the timely course of action is this. You must all stir the feelings of Garuda by a chorus of wailing lamentation. In consequence, he will remove our sorrow." With this purpose they sought Garuda.

Now Garuda had just been summoned by blessèd Vishnu to take part in an impending battle between gods and demons. At just this moment the birds reported to their master, the king of the birds, what sorrow in the separation of loved ones had been wrought by the ocean when he seized the chicks. "O bird divine," they said, "while you gleam in royal radiance, we must live on what little is won by the labor of our bills. Because of our weak necessity of eating, the ocean has, in overbearing manner, carried away our young. Now there is a saying:

> The poor are in peculiar need
> Of being secret when they feed:
> The lion killed the ram who could
> Not check his appetite for food."

"How was that?" asked Garuda. And an old bird told the story of

THE LION AND THE RAM

In a part of a forest was a ram, separated from his flock. In the armor of his great fleece and horns, he roamed the wood, a tough customer.

Now one day a lion in that forest, who had a retinue of all kinds of animals, encountered him. At

this unprecedented sight, since the wool so bristled in every direction as to conceal the body, the lion's heart was troubled and invaded by fear. "Surely, he is more powerful than I am," thought he. "That is why he wanders here so fearlessly." And the lion edged away.

But on a later day the lion saw the same ram cropping grass on the forest floor, and he thought: "What! The fellow nibbles grass! His strength must be in relation to his diet." So he made a quick spring and killed the ram.

"And that is why I say:

> The poor are in peculiar need
> Of being secret when they feed,

and the rest of it."

While they were thus conferring, Vishnu's messenger returned and said: "Garuda, Lord Vishnu sends orders that you repair at once to the celestial city." On hearing this, Garuda proudly said to him: "Messenger, what will the master do with so poor a servant as I am?"

"Garuda," said the messenger, "it may be that the blessèd one has spoken to you harshly. But why should you display pride toward the blessèd one?" And Garuda replied: "The ocean, the resting-place of the blessèd one, has stolen the eggs of the plover, who is my servant. If I do not chastise him, then I am

not the servant of the blessèd one. Make this report to the master."

Now when Vishnu learned from the messenger's lips that Garuda was feigning anger, he thought: "Ah, he is dreadfully angry. I will therefore go in person, will address him, and bring him back with all honor. For the proverb says:

> Shame no servant showing worth,
> Loyalty, and noble birth;
> Pet him ever like a son,
> If you wish your business done.

And again:

> Masters, fully satisfied,
> Pay by gratifying pride;
> Servants, for such honor's pay,
> Gladly throw their lives away."

Having reached this conclusion, he hastened to Garuda, who, beholding his master a visitor in his own house, modestly gazed on the ground, bowed low, and said: "O blessèd one, the ocean, made insolent by his service as your resting-place, has stolen—behold! has stolen the eggs of my servant, and thus brought shame upon me. From reverence for the blessèd one, I have delayed. But if nothing is done, I myself will this day reduce him to dry land. For the proverb says:

> A loyal servant dies, but shrinks
> From doing deeds of such a kind
> As bring contempt from common men
> And lower him in his master's mind."

To this the blessèd one replied: "O son of Vinata, your speech is justified. Because

> For servants' crimes the master should
> Be made to suffer, say the good,
> So long as he does not erase
> From service, cruel folk and base.

"Come, then, so that we may recover the eggs from ocean, may satisfy the plover, and then proceed to the celestial city on the gods' business." To this Garuda agreed, and the blessèd one reproached the ocean, then fitted the fire-arrow to his bow and said: "Villain, give the plover his eggs. Else, I will reduce you to dry land."

On hearing this, the ocean, while all his train shook with fright, tremblingly took the eggs and restored them to the plover, as the blessèd one directed.

And that is why I say:

> He loses fights who fights before
> His foeman's power is reckoned, ...

and the rest of it.

The Girl Who Married a Snake

In Palace City lived a Brahman named Godly, whose childless wife wept bitterly when she saw the neighbors' youngsters. But one day the Brahman said: "Forget your sorrow, mother dear. See! When I was offering the sacrifice for birth of children, an invisible being said to me in the clearest words: 'Brahman, you shall have a son surpassing all mankind in beauty, character, and charm.'"

When she heard this, the wife felt her heart swell with supreme delight. "I only hope his promises come true," she said. Presently she conceived, and in course of time gave birth to a snake. When she saw him, she paid no attention to her companions, who all advised her to throw him away. Instead, she took him and bathed him, laid him with motherly tenderness in a large, clean box, and pampered him with milk, fresh butter, and other good things, so that before many days had passed, he grew to maturity.

But one day the Brahman's wife was watching the marriage festival of a neighbor's son, and the tears streamed down her face as she said to her husband: "I know that you despise me, because you do nothing

about a marriage festival for my boy." "My good wife," answered he, "am I to go to the depths of the underworld and beseech Vasuki the serpent-king? Who else, you foolish woman, would give his own daughter to this snake?"

But when he had spoken, he was disturbed at seeing the utter woe in his wife's countenance. He therefore packed provisions for a long journey, and undertook foreign travel from love of his wife. In the course of some months he arrived at a spot called Kutkuta City in a distant land. There in the house of a kinsman whom he could visit with pleasure since each respected the other's character, he was hospitably received, was given a bath, food, and the like, and there he spent the night.

Now at dawn, when he paid his respects to his Brahman host and made ready to depart, the other asked him: "What was your purpose in coming hither? And where will your errand lead you?"

To this he replied: "I have come in search of a fit wife for my son." "In that case," said his host, "I have a very beautiful daughter, and my own person is yours to command. Pray take her for your son." to the Brahman took the girl with her attendants and returned to his own place.

But when the people of the country beheld her incomparable opulence of beauty, her supreme loveliness and superhuman graces, their eyes popped out

with pleasure, and they said to her attendants: "How can right-thinking persons bestow such a pearl of a girl upon a snake?" On hearing this, all her elderly relatives without exception were troubled at heart, and they said: "Let her be taken from this imp-ridden creature." But the girl said: "No more of this mockery! Remember the text:

> Do once, once only, these three things:
> Once spoken, stands the word of kings;
> The speech of saints has no miscarriage;
> A maid is given once in marriage.

And again:

> All fated happenings, derived
> From any former state,
> Must changeless stand: the very gods
> Endured poor Blossom's fate."

Whereupon they all asked in chorus: "Who was this Blossom person?" And the girl told the story of

POOR BLOSSOM

God Indra once had a parrot named Blossom. He enjoyed supreme beauty, loveliness, and various graces, while his intelligence was not blunted by his extensive scientific attainments.

One day he was resting on the palm of great Indra's hand, his body thrilling with delight at that contact, and was reciting a variety of authoritative formulas, when he caught sight of Yama, lord of death, who had come to pay his respects at the time

appointed. Seeing the god, the parrot edged away. And all the thronging immortals asked him: "Why did you move away, sir, upon beholding that personage?" "But," said the parrot, "he brings harm to all living creatures. Why not move away from him?"

Upon hearing this, they all desired to calm his fears, so said to Yama: "As a favor to us, you must please not kill this parrot." And Yama replied: "I do not know about that. It is Time who determines these matters."

They therefore took Blossom with them, paid a visit to Time, and made the same request. To which Time replied: "It is Death who is posted in these affairs. Pray speak to him."

But when they did so, the parrot died at the mere sight of Death. And they were all distressed at seeing the occurrence, so that they said to Yama: "What does this mean?" And Yama said: "It was simply fated that he should die at the mere sight of Death." With this reply they went back to heaven.

"And that is why I say:

All fated happenings, ...

and the rest of it. Furthermore, I do not wish my father reproached for double dealing on the part of his daughter." When she had said this, she married the snake, with the permission of her companions,

and at once began devoted attendance upon him by offering milk to drink and performing other services.

One night the serpent issued from the generous chest which had been set for him in her chamber, and entered her bed. "Who is this?" she cried. "He has the form of a man." And thinking him a strange man, she started up, trembling in every limb, unlocked the door, and was about to dart away when she heard him say: "Stay, my dear wife. I am your husband." Then, in order to convince her, he reentered the body which he had left behind in the chest, issued from it again, and came to her.

When she beheld him flashing with lofty diadem, with earrings, bracelets, armbands, and rings, she fell at his feet, and then they sank into a glad embrace.

Now his father, the Brahman, rose betimes and discovered how matters stood. He therefore seized the serpent's skin that lay in the chest, and consumed it with fire, for he thought: "I do not want him to enter that again." And in the morning he and his wife, with the greatest possible joy, introduced to everybody as their own an extraordinarily handsome son, quite wrapped up in his love affair.

The Unteachable Monkey

No knife prevails against a stone;
Nor bends the unbending tree;
No good advice from Needle-Face
Helped indocility.

A troop of monkeys found a firefly one winter evening when they were dreadfully depressed. Believing it to be fire, they lifted it with care, covered it with dry grass and leaves, thrust forward their arms, sides, stomachs, and chests, scratched themselves, and enjoyed imagining that they were warm. One of them, being especially chilly, blew repeatedly on the firefly. Thereupon a bird named Needle-Face, driven by hostile fate to her own destruction, flew down from her tree and said to the monkey: "My dear sir, do not put yourself to unnecessary trouble. This is not fire. This is a firefly." He, however, did not heed her warning but blew again, nor did he stop when she tried more than once to check him. To cut a long story short, when she vexed him by coming close and shouting in his ear, he seized her and dashed her on a rock, crushing face, head, and neck so that she died.

The Mice That Ate Iron

Where mice eat balance-beams of iron
A thousand pals in weight,
A hawk might steal an elephant;
A boy is trifling freight.

In a certain town lived a merchant named Naduk, who lost his money and determined to travel abroad. For

The meanest of mankind is he
Who, having lost his money, can
Inhabit lands or towns where once
He spent it like a gentleman.

And again:

The neighbor gossips blame
His poverty as shame
Who long was wont to play
Among them, proud and gay.

In his house was an iron balance-beam inherited from his ancestors, and it weighed a thousand *pals*. This he put in pawn with Merchant Lakshman before he departed for foreign countries.

Now after he had long traveled wherever business led him through foreign lands, he returned to his native city and said to Merchant Lakshman: "Friend

Lakshman, return my deposit, the balance-beam." And Lakshman said: "Friend Naduk, your balance-beam has been eaten by mice."

To this Naduk replied: "Lakshman, you are in no way to blame, if it has been eaten by mice. Such is life. Nothing in the universe has any permanence. However, I am going to the river for a bath. Please send your boy Money-God with me, to carry my bathing things."

Since Lakshman was conscience-stricken at his own theft, he said to his son Money-God: "My dear boy, let me introduce Uncle Naduk, who is going to the river to bathe. You must go with him and carry his bathing things." Ah, there is too much truth in the saying:

> There is no purely loving deed
> Without a pinch of fear or greed
> Or service of a selfish need.

And again:

> Wherever there is fond attention
> That does not seek a service pension,
> Was there no timid apprehension?

So Lakshman's son took the bathing things and delightedly accompanied Naduk to the river. After Naduk had taken his bath, he thrust Lakshman's son Money-God into a mountain cave, blocked the entrance with a great rock, and returned to Lakshman's house. And when Lakshman said: "Friend Naduk,

tell me what has become of my son Money-God who went with you," Naduk answered: "My good Lakshman, a hawk carried him off from the river-bank."

"Oh, Naduk!" cried Lakshman. "You liar! How could a hawk possibly carry off a big boy like Money-God?" "But, Lakshman," retorted Naduk, "the mice could eat a balance-beam made of iron. Give me my balance-beam, if you want your son."

Finally, they carried their dispute to the palace gate, where Lakshman cried in a piercing tone: "Help! Help! A ghastly deed! This Naduk person has carried off my son—his name is Money-God."

Thereupon the magistrates said to Naduk: "Sir, restore the boy to Lakshman." But Naduk pleaded: "What am I to do? Before my eyes a hawk carried him from the river-bank." "Come, Naduk!" said they, "you are not telling the truth. How can a hawk carry off a fifteen-year-old boy?" Then Naduk laughed outright and said: "Gentlemen, listen to my words.

Where mice eat balance-beams of iron
A thousand *pals* in weight,
A hawk might steal an elephant;
A boy is trifling freight."

"How was that?" they asked, and Naduk told them the story of the balance-beam. At this they laughed and caused the restoration of balance-beam and boy to the respective owners.

The Bharunda Birds

Bharunda birds will teach you why
The disunited surely die:
For, single-bellied, double-necked,
They took a diet incorrect.

By a certain lake in the world lived birds called "bharunda birds." They had one belly and two necks apiece.

While one of these birds was sauntering about, his first neck found some nectar. Then the second said: "Give me half." And when the first refused, the second neck angrily picked up poison somewhere and ate it. As they had one belly, they died.

And that is why I say:

Bharunda birds will teach you why, ...

and the rest of it.

The Brahman's Goat

The strong, deft, clever rascals note,
Who robbed the Brahman of his goat.

In a certain town lived a Brahman named Friendly who had undertaken the labor of maintaining the sacred fire. One day in the month of February, when a gentle breeze was blowing, when the sky was veiled in clouds and a drizzling rain was falling, he went to another village to beg a victim for the sacrifice, and said to a certain man: "O sacrificer, I wish to make an offering on the approaching day of the new moon. Pray give me a victim." And the man gave him a plump goat, as prescribed in Scripture. This he put through its paces, found it sound, placed it on his shoulder, and started in haste for his own city.

Now on the road he was met by three rogues whose throats were pinched with hunger. These, spying the plump creature on his shoulder, whispered together: "Come now! If we could eat that creature, we should have the laugh on this sleety weather. Let us fool him, get the goat, and ward off the cold."

So the first of them changed his dress, issued from a by-path to meet the Brahman, and thus addressed that man of pious life: "O pious Brahman, why are you doing a thing so unconventional and so ridiculous? You are carrying an unclean animal, a dog, on your shoulder. Are you ignorant of the verse:

The dog and the rooster,
The hangman, the ass,
The camel, defile you:
Don't touch them, but pass."

At that the Brahman was mastered by anger, and he said: "Are you blind, man, that you impute doghood to a goat?" "O Brahman," said the rogue, "do not be angry. Go whither you will."

But when he had traveled a little farther, the second rogue met him and said: "Alas, holy sir, alas! Even if this dead calf was a pet, still you should not put it on your shoulder. For the proverb says:

Touch not unwisely man or beast
That lifeless lie;
Else, gifts of milk and lunar fast
Must purify."

Then the Brahman spoke in anger: "Are you blind, man? You call a goat a calf." And the rogue said: "Holy sir, do not be angry. I spoke in ignorance. Do as you will."

But when he had walked only a little farther through the forest, the third rogue, changing his

dress, met him and said: "Sir, this is most improper. You are carrying a donkey on your shoulder. Yet the proverb tells you:

> If you should touch an ass—be it
> In ignorance or not—
> You needs must wash your clothes and bathe,
> To cleanse the sinful spot.

Pray drop this thing, before another sees you."

So the Brahman concluded that it was a goblin in quadruped form, threw it on the ground, and made for home, terrified. Meanwhile, the three rogues met, caught the goat, and carried out their plan.

And that is why I say:

> The strong, deft, clever rascals note, ...

and the rest of it.

The Snake Who Paid Cash

The lighted funeral pile you may
Break up and fling apart;
But love, when torn and patched again,
Lives in an aching heart.

There was once a Brahman in a certain place. His time was wholly spent in unproductive farming.

Now one day, in the heat of the summer, he dozed in the shade of a tree in the middle of his field. Not far away he saw, peering over an ant-hill, a terrifying snake that thrust forward a great, swelling hood. And he reflected: "Surely, this is the guardian deity of the field, and I never paid him honor. That is why my farm-work is unproductive. I will pay him honor."

Thereupon he begged milk from somebody, put it in a saucer, went to the ant-hill, and said: "O guardian of the field! This long time I did not know that you were living here. Therefore I paid you no honor. From now on, please be gracious to me."

Now when he came back in the morning and looked about, he found a gold dinar in the saucer. So he went there every day alone, and offered milk, receiving a dinar each time. One day, however, the

Brahman went to town, instructing his son to carry milk to the ant-hill. And the boy took the milk there, set it down, and went home again.

The next day he went there, found a single dinar, and thought: "Surely, this ant-hill is full of dinars. I will kill that fellow and get them all." With this purpose, while offering milk the next day, the Brahman's boy struck the snake on the head with a cudgel. Yet somehow—for fate willed it so—the snake did not die. Instead, he furiously struck the boy with his sharp fangs to such effect that the boy died at once.

On the second day the father returned. And learning from his relatives the cause of his son's death, he found the facts as stated. And he said:

> Be generous to all that lives;
> Receive the needy guest:
> If not, your own life fades away
> Like swans from lotus nest.

"How was that?" asked the men. And the Brahman told the story of

THE UNSOCIAL SWANS

There was once a king named Gay-Chariot in a certain place. He owned a lake named Lotus Lake, which his soldiers guarded carefully. For many golden swans lived there, and they gave one tail-feather apiece every six months.

Now to that lake came a great bird, all of gold.

And they told him: "You cannot live among us. For we have rented this lake at the rate of a tail-feather for six months." And so, to cut a long story short, a dispute arose.

Then the great bird sought the king's protection, saying: "O King, those birds ask: 'What will our king do? We give lodging to nobody.' And I said: 'You are not very polite. I will go and tell the king.' This is the situation. The king must decide."

Then the king said to his men: "Go, you. Kill all the birds and bring them here at once."

Now one old bird saw the king's men with clubs in their hands, and he said: "Well, kinsmen, this is rather unpleasant. We must all hang together. Let us fly up and away." And they did so.

"And that is why I say:

> Be generous to all that lives, ...

and the rest of it."

So in the morning the Brahman took milk again, went to the spot, and called out, in an effort to win the snake's confidence: "My son met the death that suited his intelligence." Then the snake said:

> The lighted funeral pile you may
> Break up and fling apart;
> But love, when torn and patched again,
> Lives in an aching heart.

The Brahman, the Thief, and the Ghost

From enemies expect relief,
If discord pierce their host;
Thus, life was given by the thief
And cattle by the ghost.

There was once a poor Brahman in a certain place. He lived on presents, and always did without such luxuries as fine clothes and ointments and perfumes and garlands and gems and betel-gum. His beard and his nails were long, and so was the hair that covered his head and his body. Heat, cold, rain, and the like had dried him up.

Then someone pitied him and gave him two calves. And the Brahman began when they were little and fed them on butter and oil and fodder and other things that he begged. So he made them very plump.

Then a thief saw them and the idea came to him at once: "I will steal these two cows from this Brahman." So he took a rope and set out at night. But on the way he met a fellow with a row of sharp teeth set far apart, with a high-bridged nose and uneven eyes, with limbs covered with knotty muscles, with hollow cheeks, with beard and body as yellow as a fire with much butter in it.

And when the thief saw him, he started with acute fear and said: "Who are you, sir?"

The other said: "I am a ghost named Truthful. It is now your turn to explain yourself."

The thief said: "I am a thief, and my acts are cruel. I am on my way to steal two cows from a poor Brahman."

Then the ghost felt relieved and said: "My dear sir, I take one meal every three days. So I will just eat this Brahman today. It is delightful that you and I are on the same errand."

So together they went there and hid, waiting for the proper moment. And when the Brahman went to sleep, the ghost started forward to eat him. But the thief saw him and said: "My dear sir, this is not right. You are not to eat the Brahman until I have stolen his two cows."

The ghost said: "The racket would most likely wake the Brahman. In that case all my trouble would be vain."

"But, on the other hand," said the thief, "if any hindrance arises when you start to eat him, then I cannot steal the two cows either. First I will steal the two cows, then you may eat the Brahman."

So they disputed, each crying "Me first! Me first!" And when they became heated, the hubbub waked the Brahman. Then the thief said: "Brahman, this is a ghost who wishes to eat you." And the

ghost said: "Brahman, this is a thief who wishes to steal your two cows."

When the Brahman heard this, he stood up and took a good look. And by remembering a prayer to his favorite god, he saved his life from the ghost, then lifted a club and saved his two cows from the thief.

And that is why I say:

From enemies expect relief, ...

and the rest of it.

The Snake in the Prince's Belly

Be quick with mutual defense
In honest give-and-take;
Or perish, like the ant-hill beast
And like the belly-snake.

In a certain city dwelt a king whose name was Godlike. He had a son who wasted daily in every limb because of a snake that used his belly as a home instead of an ant-hill. So the prince became dejected and went to another country. In a city of that country he begged alms in a great temple.

Now in that city was a king named Gift, who had two daughters. One of these bowed daily at her father's feet with the greeting: "Victory, O King," while the other said: "Your deserts, O King."

At this the king grew angry, and said: "See, counselors. This young lady speaks malevolently. Give her to some foreigner. Let her have her own deserts." To this the counselors agreed, and gave the princess, with very few maid-servants, to the prince who made his home in the temple.

And she was delighted, accepted her husband like a god, and went with him to a far country. There by the edge of a tank she left the prince to look after

the house while she went with her maids to buy supplies. When her shopping was done, she returned and found the prince with his head resting on an ant-hill. And from his mouth issued the head of a hooded snake, taking the air. Likewise another snake crawled from the ant-hill, also to take the air.

When these two saw each other, their eyes grew red with anger, and the ant-hill snake said: "You villain! How can you torment in this way a prince who is so perfectly handsome?" And the snake in the prince's mouth said: "Villain yourself! How can you bemire those two pots full of gold?" In this fashion each laid bare the other's weakness.

Then the ant-hill snake continued: "You villain! Doesn't anybody know the simple remedy of drinking black mustard and so destroying you?" And the belly-snake retorted: "And doesn't anybody know the simple way to destroy you, by pouring in hot water?"

Now the princess, hiding behind a branch, overheard their conversation, and did just as they suggested. So she made her husband sound and well, and acquired vast wealth. When she returned to her own country, she was highly honored by parents and relatives, and lived happily. For she had her deserts.

And that is why I say:

Be quick with mutual defense, ...

and the rest of it.

Mouse-Maid Made Mouse

Though mountain, sun, and cloud, and wind
Were suitors at her feet,
The mouse-maid turned a mouse again—
Nature is hard to beat.

The billows of the Ganges were dotted with pearly foam born of the leaping of fishes frightened at hearing the roar of the waters that broke on the rugged, rocky shore. On the bank was a hermitage crowded with holy men devoting their time to the performance of sacred rites—chanting, self-torture, study, fasting, and sacrifice. They would take purified water only, and that in measured sips. Their bodies wasted under a diet of bulbs, roots, fruits, and moss. A loincloth made of bark formed their scanty raiment.

The father of the hermitage was named Yajnavalkya. After he had bathed in the sacred stream and had begun to rinse his mouth, a little female mouse dropped from a hawk's beak and fell into his hand. When he saw what she was, he laid her on a banyan leaf, repeated his bath and mouth-rinsing, and performed a ceremony of purification. Then through the magic power of his holiness, he changed her into a girl, and took her with him to his hermitage.

As his wife was childless, he said to her: "Take her, my dear wife. She has come into life as your daughter, and you must rear her carefully." So the wife reared her and spoiled her with petting. As soon as the girl reached the age of twelve, the mother said to her husband: "My dear husband, how can you fail to see that the time is passing when your daughter should marry?"

And he replied: "You are quite right, my dear. The saying goes:

Holiness is the gift of fire;
A sweet voice, of the heavenly choir;
The moon gives purity within:
So is a woman free from sin.

If she, unwed, unpurified,
Too long within the home abide,
She may no longer married be:
A miserable spinster, she.

A father then, avoiding sin,
Weds her, the appointed time within
(Where'er a husband may be had)
To good, indifferent, or bad.

Now I will try to give her to one of her own station. You know the saying:

Where wealth is very much the same,
And similar the family fame,
Marriage (or friendship) is secure;
But not between the rich and poor.

And finally:

> Aim at seven things in marriage;
> All the rest you may disparage:

"But

> Get money, good looks,
> And knowledge of books,
> Good family, youth,
> Position, and truth.

"So, if she is willing, I will summon the blessèd sun, and give her to him." "I see no harm in that," said his wife. "Let it be done."

The holy man therefore summoned the sun, who appeared without delay, and said: "Holy sir, why am I summoned?" The father said: "Here is a daughter of mine. Be kind enough to marry her." Then, turning to his daughter, he said: "Little girl, how do you like him, this blessèd lamp of the three worlds?" "No, father," said the girl. "He is too burning hot. I could not like him. Please summon another one, more excellent than he is."

Upon hearing this, the holy man said to the sun: "Blessèd one, is there any superior to you?" And the sun replied: "Yes, the cloud is superior even to me. When he covers me, I disappear."

So the holy man summoned the cloud next, and said to the maiden: "Little girl, I will give you to him." "No," said she. "This one is black and frigid. Give me to someone finer than he."

Then the holy man asked: "O cloud, is there anyone superior to you?" And the cloud replied: "The wind is superior even to me."

So he summoned the wind, and said: "Little girl, I give you to him." "Father," said she, "this one is too fidgety. Please invite somebody superior even to him." So the holy man said: "O wind, is there anyone superior even to you?" "Yes," said the wind. "The mountain is superior to me."

So he summoned the mountain and said to the maiden: "Little girl, I give you to him." "Oh, father," said she. "He is rough all over, and stiff. Please give me to somebody else."

So the holy man asked: "O kingly mountain, is there anyone superior even to you?" "Yes," said the mountain. "Mice are superior to me."

Then the holy man summoned a mouse, and presented him to the girl, saying: "Little girl, do you like this mouse?"

The moment she saw him, she felt: "My own kind, my own kind," and she said: "Father dear, turn me into a mouse, and give me to him. Then I can keep house as my kind of people ought to do."

And her father, through the magic power of his holiness, turned her into a mouse, and gave her to him.

And that is why I say:

Though mountain, sun, and cloud, and wind, ...

and the rest of it.

The Cave That Talked

Joy comes from knowing what to dread,
And sorrow smites the dunderhead:
A long life through, the woods I've walked,
But never heard a cave that talked.

There was once a lion in a part of a forest, and his name was Rough-Claw. One day he found nothing whatever to eat in his wanderings, and his throat was pinched by hunger. At sunset he came to a great mountain cave and went in, for he thought: "Surely, some animal will come into this cave during the night. I will hide and wait."

Presently the owner of the cave, a jackal named Curd-Face, came to the door and began to sing: "Cave ahoy! Cave aho-o-oy!" Then after a moment's silence, he continued in the same tone: "Hello! Don't you remember how you and I made an agreement that I was to speak to you when I came back from the world outside, and that you were to sing out to me? But you won't speak to me today. So I am going off to that other cave, which will return my greeting."

Now when he heard this, the lion thought: "I

see. This cave always calls out a greeting when the fellow returns. But today, from fear of me, it doesn't say a word. This is natural enough. For

> The feet and hands refuse to act
> When peril terrifies;
> A trembling seizes every limb;
> And speech unuttered dies.

"I will myself call out a greeting, which he will follow to its source, so providing me with a dinner."

The lion thereupon called out a greeting. But the cave so magnified the roar that its echo filled the circuit of the horizon, thus terrifying other forest creatures as well, even those far distant. Meanwhile the jackal made off, repeating the stanza:

> Joy comes from knowing what to dread,
> And sorrow smites the dunderhead:
> A long life through, the woods I've walked,
> But never heard a cave that talked.

The Frogs That Rode Snake-Back

Bear even foes upon your back;
When fortune clogs
Your path, endure. The great black snake
Slew many frogs.

There was once an elderly black snake in a certain spot, and his name was Slow-Poison. He considered the situation from this point of view: "How in the world can I get along without overtaxing my energies?" Then he went to a pond containing many frogs, and behaved as if very dejected.

As he waited thus, a frog came to the edge of the water and asked: "Uncle, why don't you bustle about today for food as usual?"

"My dear friend," said Slow-Poison, "I am afflicted. Why should I wish for food? For this evening, as I was bustling about for food, I saw a frog and made ready to catch him. But he saw me and, fearing death, he escaped among some Brahmans intent upon holy recitation. But in the water at the edge of the pond was the great toe of a Brahman boy, and stupidly deceived by its resemblance to a frog, I bit it, and the boy died immediately. Then the sorrowing father cursed me in these terms: 'Monster! Since you

bit my harmless son, you shall for this sin become a vehicle for frogs, and shall subsist on whatever they choose to allow you.' Consequently, I have come here to serve as your vehicle."

Now the frog reported this to all the others. And every last one of them, in extreme delight, went and reported to the frog-king, whose name was Water-Foot. He in turn, accompanied by his counselors, rose hurriedly from the pond—for he thought it an extraordinary occurrence—and climbed upon Slow-Poison's hood. The others also, in order of age, climbed on his back. And others hopped along behind the snake. Now Slow-Poison, with an eye to making his living, showed them fancy turns in great variety. And Water-Foot, enjoying contact with his body, said to him:

I'd rather ride Slow-Poison than
  The finest horse I've seen,
Or elephant, or chariot,
  Or man-borne palanquin.

The next day, Slow-Poison was wily enough to move very slowly. So Water-Foot said: "My dear Slow-Poison, why don't you carry us nicely, as you did before?"

And Slow-Poison said: "O King, I have no carrying power today because of lack of food." "My dear fellow," said the king, "eat the plebeian frogs."

When Slow-Poison heard this, he quivered with

joy in every member and made haste to say: "Why, that is a part of the curse laid on me by the Brahman. For that reason I am greatly pleased at your command." So he ate frogs uninterruptedly, and in a very few days he grew strong. And with delight and inner laughter he said:

The trick was good. All sorts of frogs
Within my power have passed.
The only question that remains,
Is: How long will they last?

Water-Foot, for his part, was befooled by Slow-Poison's plausibilities, and did not notice a thing.

At this moment another black snake, a tremendous fellow, arrived on the scene. And being amazed at the sight of Slow-Poison used as a vehicle by frogs, he said: "Partner, they are our natural food, yet they use you as a vehicle. This is repellent." And Slow-Poison said:

I know I should not carry frogs;
I have it well in mind;
But I am marking time, as did
The Brahman butter-blind.

"How was that?" asked the snake. And Slow-Poison told the story of

THE BUTTER-BLINDED BRAHMAN

There was once a Brahman named Theodore. His wife, being unchaste and a pursuer of other men, was forever making cakes with sugar and butter for a lover, and so cheating her husband.

Now one day her husband saw her and said: "My dear wife, what are you cooking? And where are you forever carrying cakes? Tell the truth."

But her impudence was equal to the occasion, and she lied to her husband: "There is a shrine of the blessèd goddess not far from here. There I have undertaken a fasting ceremony, and I take an offering, including the most delicious dishes." Then she took the cakes before his very eyes and started for the shrine of the goddess, imagining that after her statement, her husband would believe it was for the goddess that his wife was daily providing delicious dishes. Having reached the shrine, she went down to the river to perform the ceremonial bath.

Meanwhile her husband arrived by another road and hid behind the statue of the goddess. And his wife entered the shrine after her bath, performed the various rites—laving, anointing, giving incense, making an offering, and so on—bowed before the goddess, and prayed: "O blessèd one, how may my husband be made blind?"

Then the Brahman behind the goddess' back spoke, disguising his natural tone: "If you never stop giving him such food as butter and butter-cakes, then he will presently go blind."

Now that loose female, deceived by the plausible revelation, gave the Brahman just that kind of food every day. One day the Brahman said: "My dear,

I don't see very well." And she thought: "Thank the goddess."

Then the favored lover thought: "The Brahman has gone blind. What can he do to me?" Whereupon he came daily to the house without hesitation.

But at last the Brahman caught him as he entered, seized him by the hair, and clubbed and kicked him to such effect that he died. He also cut off his wicked wife's nose, and dismissed her.

"And that is why I say:

I know I should not carry frogs, ...

and the rest of it."

Then Slow-Poison, with noiseless laughter, hummed over the verse:

The trick was good. All sorts of frogs . . . .

and the rest of it. And Water-Foot, hearing this, was conscience stricken, and wondering what he meant, inquired: "My dear sir, what do you mean by reciting that repulsive verse?" "Nothing at all," said Slow-Poison, desiring to mask his purpose. And Water-Foot, befooled by his plausible manner, failed to perceive his treachery.

Why spin it out? He ate them all so completely that not even frog-seed was left.

And that is why I say:

Bear even foes upon your back, ...

and the rest of it.

Handsome and Theodore

The hungry man at nothing sticks;
The poor man has his heartless tricks.
Tell Handsome, miss, that Theodore
Will see him in the well no more.

There was once a frog-king in a well, and his name was Theodore. One day when tormented by his relatives, he climbed from bucket to bucket up the water-wheel, and finally emerged. Then he thought: "How can I pay those relatives back? For the proverb says:

While one brings comfort in distress,
  Another jeers at pain;
By paying both as they deserve,
  A man is born again."

With this in mind, he saw a black snake named Handsome crawling out of his hole. And on seeing him, he thought once more: "I will invite that black snake into the well, and clean out all my relatives. For the saying goes:

A sliver draws a sliver out;
  Just so the wise employ
Grim foes to slaughter foes; and thus
  Turn danger into joy."

Having come to this conclusion, he went to the mouth of the hole and called: "Come out! Come out, Handsome! Come out!" But when the snake heard this, he thought: "Whoever he may be that is calling me, he does not belong to my race. That is no snake's voice. And I have no alliance with anyone else in the living world. So I will just stay here until I am sure who he may be. For the proverb says:

Until you have full information
Of prowess, character, and station,
To no man let your trust be given—
Such is the current saw in heaven.

Perhaps it is some conjurer or druggist who is calling me in order to put me in a cage. Or a man who bears a grudge and summons me in the interest of his friend."

So he said: "Who are you?" The other said: "I am a frog-king named Theodore, and I have come to make friends with you."

When the snake heard this, he said: "Why, it is incredible. Does grass make friends with fire? You know the proverb:

You do not, even in a dream,
  Approach the kind of foe
Who kills at sight. What can you mean?
  Why should you babble so?"

But Theodore said: "You are quite right, sir. You are my born enemy. And yet I come to you because I have been insulted. You know well:

When all your property is gone
And life itself at stake—
To save that life and property
You grovel to a snake."

The snake said: "Well, who insulted you?" And the frog answered: "My relatives." "But where is your home?" asked the snake. "In a pond? or a well? or a cistern? or a tank?" "My home is in a well," said the frog. "But," said the snake, "I can't get in. And if I could, there is no place for me to lie while killing your relatives. Begone. Besides, you know:

Eat only what will swallow
And gratify the hollow
Within with good digestion—
Put not your health in question."

But Theodore replied: "No, sir. Come with me. I will show you an easy way into the well. And inside there is a very attractive hole at water-level. There you can lie, and you will find it child's play to finish my relatives."

Then the snake reflected: "Yes, I am old. Now and then, with great effort, I catch one mouse. And often I don't. Yes, yes. The proverb is right:

When strength is ebbing, dying,
When friends are gone, and wife,
The prudent should be trying
A carpet-slippery life."

After these reflections, he said: "Well, Theodore, if you really mean it, lead the way. We will go together." "Friend Handsome," said Theodore, "I will take you there by an easy way and show you the resting-place. But you must spare my family. You must not eat any except those I point out."

"My dear fellow," said the snake, "you and I are now friends. Have no fear. I will do nothing but what you wish."

Then he came out of his hole, hugged the frog, and started off with him. So they came to the edge of the well, and the snake went in with the frog by way of the buckets on the water-wheel. Then Theodore settled the black snake in the hole and showed him the relatives. And he ate them all one after another. And lacking relatives, he made up to a few of the friends, and ate them, too, with much circumspection.

Then the snake said: "My dear fellow, I have disposed of your enemies. Please give me something to eat, for you brought me here."

"But, my dear fellow," said Theodore, "you have done what a friend should do. Pray return by way of the buckets."

"Friend Theodore," said Handsome, "you make a serious mistake. How can I go home? My hole was my fortress, and it is surely occupied by strangers. Here I stay, and you must give me a frog at a time,

even from your own family. If not, I will eat every one."

At this, Theodore was disturbed in spirit, and reflected: "Oh, what was I about when I brought him here? And if I deny him now, he will eat every one. Yes, the proverb is right:

Whoever fraternizes with
Too vigorous a foe,
Is eating poison, and will soon
Perceive it to be so.

"So I will give him one a day, even if it must be a friend. For they say:

Calm with a prudent, petty bribe
A foe who may desire
To seize your all. So calms the sea
Its fierce subaqueous fire.

And again:

'Tis wise, when all is threatened,
To give a half, and guard
The other half to win one's ends;
For total loss is hard.

And yet again:

No prudent soul would lose
Much good for little use;
Prudence implies much gain
Acquired with little pain."

So he made up his mind, and assigned a frog a day. And the snake ate this one and another, too, behind the frog-king's back. Ah, it is too true:

As muddied garments dirty
All that you sit upon,
So, when one virtue tumbles,
The rest are quickly gone.

Now one day, while eating frogs, he ate a frog named Theodosius, the son of Theodore. And Theodore, seeing him do it, wailed with piercing shrillness. But his wife said:

"Why so shrill? You were still
While you worked your cruel will.
Hope has fled with your dead;
Who will save your hapless head?

So think out a plan of escape this very day, or else a scheme to kill him."

Now in course of time the frogs were finished one and all; only Theodore remained. And then Handsome said: "My dear Theodore, I am hungry and all the frogs are finished. Please give me something to eat, for you brought me here."

Theodore said: "My friend, feel no anxiety on that head while I am alive. If you permit me to leave, I will persuade the frogs in other wells, and bring them all here."

The snake said: "Well, I can't eat you, for you are like a brother. Now if you do as you say, you will be like a father."

So the frog planned his escape, and left the well, while Handsome waited there, impatient for his

return. But after a long time Handsome said to a lizard that lived in another hole in the same well: "My dear madam, do me a small favor, since Theodore is an old friend of yours. Please go and find him in some pool or other, and take him a message from me. Tell him to return quickly, alone if need be, if no other frogs will come. I cannot live here without him. And tell him that if I hurt him, he may have all the merit I have acquired in a lifetime."

So the lizard did as she was bid, quickly hunted Theodore out, and said: "My dear sir, your friend Handsome is waiting, waiting for your return. Please hurry back. And furthermore, in case of his doing you any harm, he pledges you the merit acquired in a lifetime. So drop all anxious thoughts, and come home." But Theodore said:

> The hungry man at nothing sticks;
> The poor man has his heartless tricks.
> Tell Handsome, miss, that Theodore
> Will see him in the well no more.

And so he sent her back.

The Lion-Makers

Scholarship is less than sense;
Therefore seek intelligence:
Senseless scholars in their pride
Made a lion; then they died.

In a certain town were four Brahmans who lived in friendship. Three of them had reached the far shore of all scholarship, but lacked sense. The other found scholarship distasteful; he had nothing but sense.

One day they met for consultation. "What is the use of attainments," said they, "if one does not travel, win the favor of kings, and acquire money? Whatever we do, let us all travel."

But when they had gone a little way, the eldest of them said: "One of us, the fourth, is a dullard, having nothing but sense. Now nobody gains the favorable attention of kings by simple sense without scholarship. Therefore we will not share our earnings with him. Let him turn back and go home."

Then the second said: "My intelligent friend, you lack scholarship. Please go home." But the third said: "No, no. This is no way to behave. For we

have played together since we were little boys. Come along, my noble friend. You shall have a share of the money we earn."

With this agreement they continued their journey, and in a forest they found the bones of a dead lion. Thereupon one of them said: "A good opportunity to test the ripeness of our scholarship. Here lies some kind of creature, dead. Let us bring it to life by means of the scholarship we have honestly won."

Then the first said: "I know how to assemble the skeleton." The second said: "I can supply skin, flesh, and blood." The third said: "I can give it life."

So the first assembled the skeleton, the second provided skin, flesh, and blood. But while the third was intent on giving the breath of life, the man of sense advised against it, remarking: "This is a lion. If you bring him to life, he will kill every one of us."

"You simpleton!" said the other, "it is not I who will reduce scholarship to a nullity." "In that case," came the reply, "wait a moment, while I climb this convenient tree."

When this had been done, the lion was brought to life, rose up, and killed all three. But the man of sense, after the lion had gone elsewhere, climbed down and went home.

Of the first impression of "Gold's Gloom" 2,000 copies were made in this format in September, 1925. This is a copy of the second impression, published in August, 1926. The book was composed by the University of Chicago Press in Monotype Caslon, and printed by them at Chicago, U. S. A.

Agencies of the University of Chicago Press are: The Baker and Taylor Company, New York; The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto; The Cambridge University Press, London; The Maruzen-Kabushiki-Kaisha, Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, Fukuoka, Sendai; The Commercial Press, Limited, Shanghai.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
Crescat Scientia
Vita Excolatur

And this is how it happened

In a city called Maiden's Delight, lived a king named Immortal-Power. He had three sons, and they were supreme blockheads. So the king summoned a wise Brahman, and commissioned him to make these boys incomparable masters of the art of intelligent living. The Brahman took the princes home, made them learn the five books that he had composed, and in six months' time the boys answered the prescription. Since that day *The Panchatantra*, that famous fable book of ancient India, has traveled the world.

The Panchatantra, $4.00

Gold's Gloom (*Tales from the Panchatantra*) $2.00

The University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Illinois